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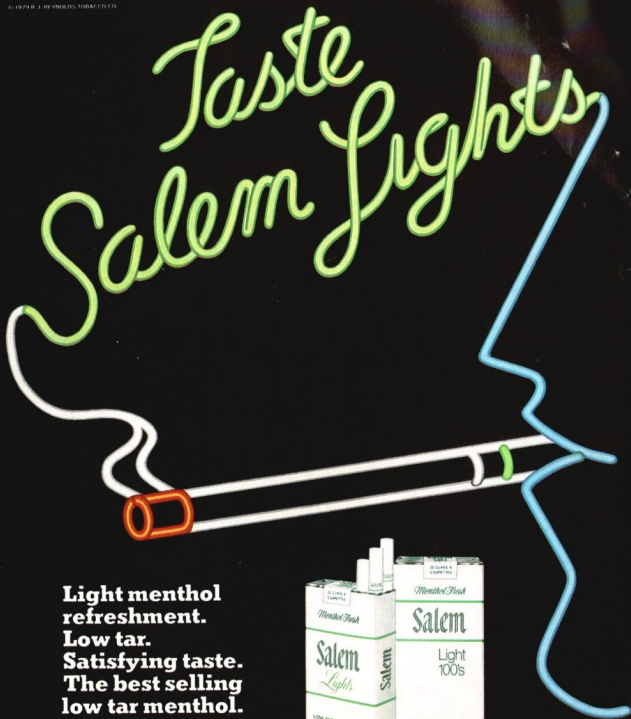
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Carter Says
"Baloney"



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Margaret Thatcher





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A Letter from the Publisher

Behind every successful politician campaigning to be Britain's Prime Minister, there is a woman. She is Bonnie Angelo, TIME's London bureau chief, who in recent weeks has seldom been more than a few steps behind Margaret Thatcher, the Conservative Party leader whose triumph in England's election is the subject of this week's cover story. Angelo spent 20 years dogging U.S. politicians as a correspondent in Washington before moving to London last year, and has since trailed Thatcher from Newcastle to Gravesend. "Thatcher is not like any candidate I've ever seen," says Angelo. "She is Barry Goldwater played by Pat Nixon—a tough, uncompromising politician in a meticulously ladylike package."

When Angelo wanted to follow Prime Minister James Callaghan's Labor Party campaign for a while, she would trade places with TIME's men on the bus: veteran Correspondents Erik Amfitheof, Frank Melville and Arthur White. Amfitheof, who covered the 1976 Italian general election as a TIME correspondent in Rome and has reported on the sometimes unruly politics of Africa and the Mediterranean, was delighted to find this campaign unmistakably British. He recalls watching Cal-

laghan at a whistle-stop, a cup of tea in his hand, plunging into the crowd and politely imploring them: "Forgive me for having my lunch as I go along."

The civility of British elections is nothing new to Melville, who has covered six of them in his 20 years in London. This time he was struck by Thatcher's use of media events, photo opportunities and other elements of what he calls "American-style razzmatazz." "But I don't think it made an iota of difference to the result," he says. "She won on the issues and a widespread feeling that it was time for a change."

White, who returned to London last year after 27 years of TIME assignments in half a dozen capitals, found that British campaigns had hardly changed since he covered them for the Associated Press. White was with Foreign Secretary David Owen when that Labor candidate for a parliamentary seat in Plymouth, Devon, pumped constituents' hands on the historic quay where, on Sept. 6, 1620, the Pilgrim Fathers set sail for the New World. Owen, reports White, drew fewer bystanders than did the nearby Mayflower memorial plaque. "After all," says White, "it's the tourist season here too."



Bonnie Angelo interviews the winning candidate

John A. Meyers

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Cover: Painting by Michael Leonard.



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The spirit of the Czar lives on.

It was the time of "War and Peace," "The Nutcracker Suite," Of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky.

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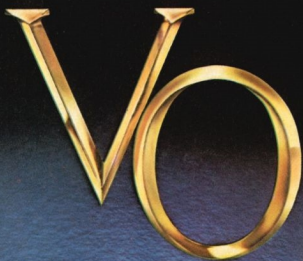
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Letters

Coming Out

To the Editors:

Call them homosexuals, call them gays [April 23], call them anything you wish. Here in Anita Bryant country we call them queers, and that's what they are.

Dee Keeton
Kingston, Okla.

If I had encountered such objective writing years ago it would have made my inevitable coming out much easier.

Greg Kucera
Seattle

Why has such a pleasant, happy, descriptive word as gay become a synonym for sex and perversion?

Wesley W. Wertz
San Diego



If God had wanted homosexuality to exist, there would have been Adam and Adam or Eve and Eve, but not Adam and Eve.

Geoffrey L. Baer
Oswego, N.Y.

A disgusting, frightening story. Homosexuality and decadence led to the destruction of Rome. I foresee a dark future for your country.

Günther Haug
Saarbrücken, West Germany

"How Gay Is Gay?" is not the question. It is: Are we as a society going to come to terms in an open-minded, accepting and loving way with the natural diversity of human sexual behavior?

David Karnes
Cambridge, Mass.

The Bible spells homosexuality with three letters: *sin*.

Arlena Hasel
Cincinnati

Our appreciation to you for covering America's changing attitudes toward homosexuality, and particularly for sharing

with your readers Masters and Johnson's insights on "lessons in lovemaking" that heterosexuals may learn from lesbians and gay men.

C.F. Brydon and Jean O'Leary
Co-Executive Directors, National Gay
Task Force, New York City

The cobwebs of grave sin and mental disorder are beginning to clear. Gays and straights now finally realize that closets are for clothes.

Jim Connolly
Havertown, Pa.

Homosexuals have been called freaks for centuries. Isn't it time to do an article on the queer habits of hypocritical heterosexuals? Incest, cheating husbands and wives, child abuse, mate-swapping parties.

R.T. Spangler
Cambridge, Mass.

As the human race descends into the pit of immorality, your articles can only grease the cables.

(Mrs.) Foncell Powell
Arlington, Texas

You misinterpreted Kinsey. He did not define a homosexual "as anyone who has had more than six sexual experiences with a member of the same gender." Kinsey devised a scale from 0 to 6 to place men on a "heterosexual-homosexual rating scale." Most people are found between these extremes.

Patrick Suraci
New York City

The Pope and Priests

I disagree with Pope John Paul II's insistence on celibate priests [April 23]. The crisis in the church today is not due to the "weakness" of "individual priests," but rather to the strength of their vision: that the church should be more reconciling than condemnatory.

Edward C. Sellner
South Bend, Ind.

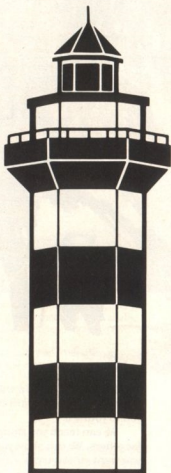
The Pope's opposition to "optional" celibacy demonstrates his commitment to the preservation of the visible church. Now stripped of many of its traditional supports, the church is not likely to withstand much more liberalization. For good or bad, its only hope for survival is unflinching authoritarianism. A religious system that does not dictate certain types of behavior and forbid others has little reason for continuing to exist.

G.L. Smith
Mayetta, Kans.

Remembering 'Nam

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Letters

Hunter [April 23]. There are many subtle lessons in our Asian experience, and it is my fervent hope that the generation now coming of age will be exposed to all of the views concerning it.

*Jake Brishin Jr.
San Antonio*

Americans are hung up on success. Now, after losing our first war, we say that losers must be wrong—hence our continued tendency to wallow in guilt. The humbling Viet Nam experience might be the lesson that teaches it is possible to lose, as we did, and at the same time be the good guys, as we were.

*Thomas M. Kando
University Park, Pa.*

George Orwell said of the English that they remember only their military disasters and defeats; the same is true of Americans. Think of Valley Forge, the burning of Washington, the Alamo, Custer's Last Stand and Pearl Harbor. America is not going to "forget" Viet Nam.

*Mark Thrasher
Burbank, Calif.*

Black and White

As one of the demonstrating students in your photo of the racial unrest at Cornell University in April 1969 [April 16], I was disappointed that you made no effort to explain the fundamental reasons why those troubled events occurred.

For most of us at Cornell, our campaign for black studies was not negative, bitter or antiwhite in any way, but many white faculty were dismayed by these demands; to them such studies were not even a legitimate academic topic. When the most emotional black students and the most emotional faculty began to dominate debate in their respective circles, violent confrontation became unavoidable.

All participants in this sad affair were losers. We failed to demonstrate that temperate, reasonable and ethical people of different races can work together to overcome historical wrongs and animosities, and unite in common pursuit of a just society.

*Thomas W. Jones
Boston*

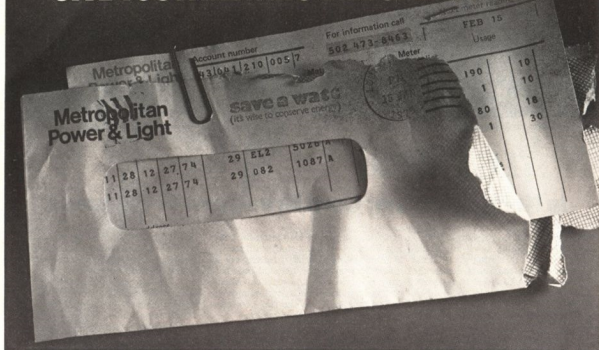
On the Road with Bwana Brown

Hooray! Let's hear it for the saffaring Jerry Brown [April 23], who doesn't sneak around in his private life or feel that any political decision once made is irrevocable. What a historic achievement it would be to have a self-made woman like Linda Ronstadt presiding over the White House.

*Andrea Mackiewicz
Abington, Mass.*

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Humanities Center circle, from left: Jim Nichol, Joseph Beatty, Joe Adelson, John Agresto, William Leuchtenburg, Ann Douglas

American Scene

In North Carolina: Corn Bread and Great Ideas

In the middle of a North Carolina forest stands a spanking new white brick building with lots of sliding glass doors and a glass-domed roof, as if the architect intended to build either a hothouse or a window on the world and simply could not decide which. When Peter Riesenberger, professor of history from Washington University and a fellow-in-residence, first saw the National Humanities Center, he cried, "I've lucked into a monastery!" Surveying his \$2.5 million home away from home, Martin Krieger, on leave from the University of Minnesota's Institute of Public Affairs, murmured, "After Brooklyn, everything's unreal."

There are 27 fellows at the center in its opening year—eight historians, five philosophers, four members of English departments. They come from England, Sweden and Israel, as well as all over the U.S. Six are in their 30s. Four are professors emeriti. Five are women. And it is safe to say that they look at the center 27 different ways as they drive up each morning from houses and apartments in nearby Chapel Hill, Raleigh or Durham.

But in another sense, this riddle of a building, this glass and brick sphinx, thrusts one rude question at them all: In a world where the physical scientists promise to solve social problems and the social scientists promise to solve all the rest (including happiness), who really needs a liberal arts scholar? By their words, by this year of their lives, the first fellows of the National Humanities Center are working on an answer for the many people, not excluding themselves, to whom the absolute value of a liberal arts education has become a casualty of modern doubt second only to religion.

At the center, a day in the life of a fellow begins as early as 7 o'clock. The morning is sacred territory, generally reserved for the "project," the book proposed by a

candidate as part of his reason for coming. Each fellow has a study with the inevitable sliding glass door leading out to a first-floor terrace or a second-floor balcony. Before noon the most delicate knock on a resident humanist's door requires supreme courage. Even the ring of a telephone constitutes a gross intrusion.

Yet even the solitary act of writing is influenced by the center. "We're not writing the kind of books, unless there's some mistake, that will find their way to racks in bus stations," says Joseph Beatty, who will be teaching philosophy at Duke next year. But he finds himself thinking oddly subversive thoughts, like "I have to persuade society philosophers are needed."

Ann Douglas, from the English department at Columbia University, actually changed her project after coming to the center, giving up "American Saints of the Victorian Era" for a less highfalutin subject: "Robert Benchley, Dorothy Parker and the Literary Life of New York in the 1920s." "There's a broader audience than the university is telling us," she insists, voicing a favorite wisdom of the center.

It is in conversation even more than in writing that the center bares its collective soul. To simplify the premise of Plato's *Symposium* only a little, your thinking man should be able to talk with his mouth full, dauntless even in the presence of hiccups. An informal daily dialogue is staged in the sunken dining area of the center by men and women whose mouths are deliciously occupied with golden corn bread, creamy fried chicken and other Carolina dishes prepared by the cooks-in-residence, Alice and Lucy.

Themes include love, baseball, pre-Newtonian physics. "Insults," one fellow emphasizes, "are not unheard of." The younger fellows, in gaudy shirts, baggy sweaters and crepe-soled shoes, happily

bait their seniors, most of them in suits and ties. A department head cannot pull rank here. "There's no power to be gained or lost," Krieger points out.

"This is what I mistakenly thought academic life would be like when I decided to be a teacher," says John Agresto, 33. "We'd say profound things. I thought in my innocence we'd debate the great issues. Here, we actually do."

After lunch there is the ritual known as the walk. If the hickory, pine and bobolinks that grace the center's 15 acres are not enough, there is what may be termed the reality walk. A peripatetic scholar will stroll to the end of the center's private road and scuff pebbles along Alexander Drive while authentic truck drivers roar past. Then, with perspective restored and the latest Alice-Lucy masterpiece well on the road to digestion, it's back to the study. Or to a seminar. There are four ongoing seminars meeting this year, rather forbiddingly titled "Man and Nature," "Ideals of Education" and so on.

On a recent expedition under the heading of "History and the History of Ideas," the leader noted "the difficulties of making national citizens out of family men" because their loyalties are so parochial. This somehow led to the aphorism that a sense of mission creates a nation rather than the other way around, and finally, after a few more turns around the table, to the paradox that in the Third World, the left is the staunchest defender of the sanctity of property.

The debate kept circling back to urgent yet timeless questions. What makes a good member of society? The "higher purpose" his nation exhorts him to? Or the very specific moral and legal demands put upon him by his neighbors, his village and the ties of blood and land? In

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American Scene

an era of megamachines and megastates, do we overrate the big in history—the Roman Empire, the papacy? If you wanted to change, really change, the world today, wouldn't you do well to "cultivate smaller gardens," the neighborhood community rather than the U.N.? The seminar concluded in stalemate, but no mind left it entirely unaltered.

Point-counterpoint is the rhythm of the center. If there is a single individual who controls the improvisation, it would have to be William J. Bennett, 35, the executive director. Without intruding, he seems to be everywhere, the intellectual's perfect maitre d'.

Nothing is too big or too small for Bennett to put his hand to. He scribbles away at the obligatory manifestoes, digs in on fund raising, entertains the big-name circuit riders, like David Riesman, Jacques Barzun and Mortimer Adler, who drop by, and sends the fellows out on their own hustings, mostly to lecture at the three universities in the neighborhood: Duke, North Carolina and North Carolina State. Then he taps out a memo: "Lost. Alice has asked us all to check whether her thin black-handled Henckels knife went home by mistake on a cake platter."

The center was founded in 1978 by its present president, Philosopher Charles Frankel, with a \$625,000 grant from the

National Endowment for the Humanities. Bennett must regularly remind himself, "What are we doing for the public?" Sometimes he is part of the response. A Harvard Law School graduate, he serves on a committee advising the American Bar Association on a code of ethics for lawyers. He has participated in a TV panel discussion on Jonestown, organized by Frankel, who not only continues to teach at Columbia but also mans an office that the N.H.C. maintains in New York City. Long an ideologue of the humanities, Frankel has defined the tightrope Bennett and the fellows must walk. The center is not for "the leisure of the theorized class," he says. But scholarship, on the other hand, "must be free to follow crooked paths to unexpected conclusions."

A party's-almost-over sadness goes with the smell of coffee and fresh biscuits at the morning mail call these days as the first year draws to an end. When an envelope bears the old university's return address, it gets handled like a ticking bomb. Groans go up from the Greek chorus at letters beginning, "When you return in September, you will be serving on the following committees..." As if having a last fling, William Leuchtenburg, professor of American history at Columbia, is playing hooky from his book about Franklin Roosevelt and the Supreme

Court to do a guest shot as color commentator for a local baseball team, the Greensboro Hornets. Red Barber, meet your New York exchange student.

"We're the heroic age," says Riesenberg with both premature nostalgia and the esprit of a pioneer who is also his own historian. Next year, or the year after, the center could deteriorate into a rest-and-recreation area for tired professors who can't make it to the next sabbatical—the stuff that satirical novels and Senator William Proxmire's "Golden Fleece" awards are made of.

So what is a liberal arts scholar good for? The question, of course, has not been answered, unless it counts to discover that such questions can have no final answers. Plato's *Symposium* ends with a vision of Socrates standing fixed in thought from early dawn until noon, until sunset, until early dawn of the following day. The image may seem comic at first, but it becomes moving and finally majestic, even though nobody ever learns what Socrates was thinking. Plato gave the only explanation necessary. The unexamined life, he said, is not worth living. Meanwhile, back at the center, the talk flows on. For now, at least, the dialogue is sufficiently rich in wit, affection and charm to prove that the examined life is well worth living. That, in a year like 1979, should be justification enough. — *Meivin Maddocks*

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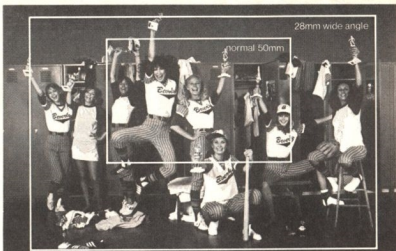
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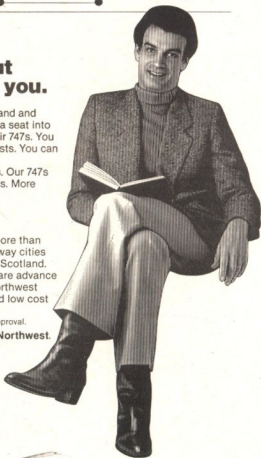
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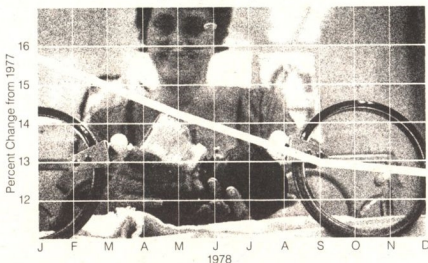
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TIME/MAY 14, 1979

Atmosphere of Urgency

U.S.-Soviet pressures build as SALT and a summit near

The old man's eyes are often glazed, almost as if he were in a trance. His face is puffy, possibly a sign of cortisone treatment. He grasps a pen and signs his name only with great difficulty. Still, as Soviet Communist Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev, 72, climbed the long flight of steps to the top of the Lenin mausoleum in Moscow last week, he looked healthier than he has in months. For more than two hours, he stood stolidly in a bleak drizzle, waving occasionally to the thousands of Soviet soldiers, schoolchildren and workers who marched

lately. If Brezhnev is unable to see the marathon negotiations through to the end, a settlement and signing might be delayed for months—perhaps indefinitely. The very prospect of the struggle for succession may have been an element in the repeated delays over the Strategic Arms Limitation treaty.

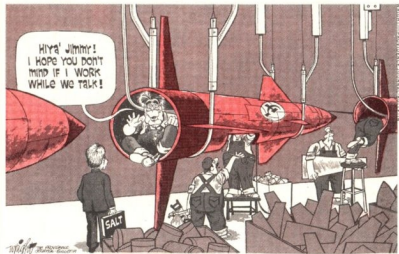
In an effort to resolve the remaining differences as quickly as possible, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and Soviet Ambassador Anatoli Dobrynin met twice in Washington last week. Their urgency was a shared one; the responses to Washing-

ton of prospects for going further. Said a top White House adviser: "The President really wanted to sit down and have a good exchange with Brezhnev. We might have been able to do that a year ago, when he was stronger. But it does not look like they are going to communicate at all." Accordingly, American policy planners expect a light summit schedule with face-to-face talks only in the mornings and for less than an hour each. After that Brezhnev is apt to weaken, even on his good days.

The current round of SALT negotiations has taken place in an atmosphere of increasing cordiality between the two superpowers. Administration analysts believe that an important policy decision was made in the Kremlin last fall to ease the hard line that it had been following ever since the new President Carter began talking of human rights. The thaw was set back by Washington's sudden normalization of ties with Peking, but the Soviets apparently have recovered from that shock and now seem determined to improve relations with the U.S. The payoff expected by the Soviets is Senate ratification of SALT, an easing of restrictions on trade and a favorable climate for the 1980 Olympics in Moscow.

To meet Moscow's seeming willingness to make concessions, the Carter Administration has lately taken great pains to be conciliatory. Last week it moved quickly to knock down reports of a new Soviet missile, the SS-21, being deployed in Central Europe. Said a senior American official: "It's not all that terribly important." The White House pointedly made only a mild response to Soviet harassment of two Moscow correspondents for U.S. magazines, Robin Knight of *U.S. News & World Report* and Peter Hann of *Business Week*. Said a White House aide: "I can just picture some dumb flunky doing something counter to the main thrust of Soviet policy. If we can screw up that way, why can't they?"

After Moscow agreed to trade five dissidents for two KGB spies in U.S. hands, it was the Americans who recommended that the actual swap be quiet and informal. Following a moderate round of embracing and speechmaking, the dissidents went on their separate ways last week without the U.S. Government making much of a fuss over them. Alexander Ginzburg and Georgi Vins moved tem-



through Red Square in the annual May Day parade.

No one was more relieved at Brezhnev's endurance than Jimmy Carter and his foreign policy advisers in Washington. Only a few days earlier they had learned from French diplomats that during President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing's visit to Moscow, Brezhnev had seemed to be deteriorating badly. At the airport welcoming ceremony, he shuffled past the guard of honor, clutching Giscard's arm. He seemed alert during his talks with Giscard, but his speech was badly slurred and he had trouble breathing. At dinner he sometimes did not respond when addressed and he ate his food with a teaspoon.

The question of Brezhnev's health casts a long shadow over the nearly completed Strategic Arms Limitation treaty—and indeed over all of U.S.-Soviet re-

lation from Moscow had rarely come faster. Vance and Dobrynin were expected to settle the last issue this week. It was a minor loophole in the proposed freeze on the number of warheads permitted on each missile. Vance and Dobrynin then were expected to plunge immediately into negotiating the time and place for the Carter-Brezhnev summit—probably in June at a neutral capital in Europe, such as Geneva, Stockholm or Vienna.

By now, there is little possibility that a summit can achieve much beyond the formal signing of SALT II. Said a senior Western diplomat in Moscow: "Brezhnev could attend a couple of dinners and read a paper or two, but he is in no shape to engage in real give-and-take with Carter. It will be a *pro forma* summit, and it would be useless to expect anything more." Though signing a SALT agreement would be very important, Carter is disappointed



Leonid Brezhnev and Alekssei Kosygin inspecting the May Day parade

porarily to Vermont, Ginzburg to the baronially fenced estate of exiled Novelist Alexander Solzhenitsyn in Cavendish and Vins to the home of Olin Robison, a fellow Baptist minister and president of Middlebury College. Mark Dymshits and Edward Kuznetsov headed for Israel, while the fifth exile, Ukrainian Historian Valentyin Moroz, is considering teaching at Harvard.

On the Soviet side, the release of the dissidents was only part of the Kremlin's effort to appear benign.* The flow of Jewish emigration, which the U.S. Congress has made a precondition of the granting of most-favored-nation trading status to the Soviets, is swelling to record levels. Some Congressmen believe that the tough trade policy forced the Kremlin to ease its emigration policy. That view, however, is disputed by Administration specialists. They argue that by linking freer trade with freer emigration Congress actually caused Moscow to clamp down on exit visas for about two years to demonstrate that it would not bow to U.S. pressure. The lesson now is over.

The total of Jews permitted to leave the Soviet Union since Jan. 1 is 17,000. The figure is expected to be about 50,000 by the end of the year, compared with 30,000 in 1978 and 16,700 in 1977. Moreover, bureaucratic hassling of Soviet Jews who apply for exit visas has declined dramatically. It may be that the Soviets now would simply be glad to get rid of the

problem. By letting some dissidents leave, U.S. officials suggest, the Soviets can eliminate them as focal points for unrest. Similar reasoning may have helped persuade the Kremlin to permit freer emigration by Jews. Said Adam Ulam, a Russian expert at Harvard: "From the Soviet point of view, once you cannot shoot people on a large scale, they might as well be allowed to migrate."

The chief reason for the more relaxed policy, in the view of U.S. analysts, is American public opinion. Said a Carter Administration official: "The Kremlin seems to have decided that it wasn't getting anywhere in taking a tough attitude toward the U.S. They still believe that dissidents are traitors, insane or both. But Moscow apparently came to a greater awareness of the liabilities of confrontation on this issue."

Second only to SALT among Soviet



Soviet drill squad marching past its leaders

aims is repeal of the 1974 Jackson-Vanik amendment, which withholds most-favored-nation status from the U.S.S.R. until Moscow permits free emigration. Lifting the amendment would make the U.S.S.R. eligible for generous credits to pay for American goods and reduce tariffs on Soviet goods shipped to the U.S. The U.S. is clearly considering granting most-favored-nation status to Moscow's nemesis: China.

Washington Senator Henry ("Scoop") Jackson insists on explicit Soviet assurances on emigration before the amendment is repealed. Anything less, said an aide, "would be a terrible signal. We would indicate to them that we are willing to bend the law to accommodate them." On the other hand, Ohio Congressman Charles Vanik, who returned last week from a ten-day trip to Moscow and Leningrad, is willing to waive the restrictions without assurances, as long as "this improved climate on emigration is really Soviet policy."

An outright promise by the Soviets to ease emigration rules permanently seems unlikely. Still, the Administration intends to avoid pressure tactics for the time being. Said an Administration official: "It is important that we show them our policy is not designed to undermine them or to rub their noses in the dirt."

Last week's cautious progress on several fronts made it clear that the entire state of U.S.-Soviet relations is at a point of great potentiality for lasting change.



Brezhnev, helped by an aide, signing document during Giscard's visit
"He is in no shape to engage in real give-and-take with Carter."

*One pretense that Moscow did not abandon is its claim that the U.S. is the persecutor of dissidents. It awarded the Lenin Peace Prize to Communist Angela Davis, a longtime activist who now lectures at San Francisco State University on ethnic and women's studies. Davis, told reporters that publicity about Soviet dissidents was "a smoke-screen to prevent Americans from understanding oppression at home."

Nation



Vietnamese children arriving at Des Moines airport last weekend

Yearning to Breathe Free

Soviet and Indochinese refugees arrive in record numbers

The moment the first bewildered faces appeared at the double doors of Kennedy Airport's international arrivals terminal, the cries of recognition burst forth. Bouquets of flowers were crushed as those waiting embraced the new arrivals. "We are so, so happy to be here," a balding man from the Ukraine sobbed, as he hugged the sister he thought he would never see again. He was one of 600 Soviet Jews arriving last week on four flights of refugees let loose by Moscow's easing emigration policy. Said a young engineer from Kiev: "I tried so long to leave and wanted so much to come here. I can't believe it." Said Sofia Mineyeva, a young English teacher also from Kiev: "In the U.S., I expect all my dreams to come true. This is a free country."

In Iowa last week, another group of homeless refugees found sanctuary in a new land. There were not many relatives to greet the 196 Vietnamese "boat people" as their chartered jet from Malaysia landed in Des Moines, but their expressions of joy and hope were much like those of the Soviet Jews. Tran Qui Son, 26, had fled Viet Nam by boat with his wife and two young sons after the Communist regime had forced him to close his appliance repair shop. They floated to Malaysia, where they huddled with 60,000 other refugees awaiting a new home. Said he: "In my country I could no longer care for my family. Here it will be different." The day after he arrived, he was able to find, with the help of his sponsors, a job as an electrician's



Refugee Coordinator Clark

assistant in Chariton, Iowa.

The worldwide refugee situation is worse than in any period since World War II. There are more than 10 million refugees and displaced persons in various parts of the world. Current U.S. law technically permits 17,400 such refugees to settle annually in America and become citizens after five years of permanent residency. But last fiscal year, using emergency "parole" power, Attorney General Griffin Bell permitted entry of 18,000 Soviet Jews and

25,000 Indochinese. In March he announced another such parole: 25,000 Soviet and Eastern European refugees (mostly Jews) and 35,000 Indochinese will be allowed in by October. Bell is uncomfortable with such an improvised approach to refugee admissions. He strongly supports the Administration's proposed Refugee Act of 1979, sponsored in the Senate by Edward Kennedy, which will raise the normal refugee allotment to 50,000 per year.* It will also give the President authority to handle "emergency" situations of unexpected numbers seeking asylum. Hearings on the bill began last week.

The flow of Soviet Jewish refugees has varied greatly. Fewer than 10,000 were allowed by Moscow to emigrate during the entire period 1961-71. That number soared to more than 30,000 in 1972

*Refugees are not the same as immigrants, 290,000 of whom can enter the country under the normal immigration laws. A refugee is officially defined by the proposed bill as anyone who flees his native country because of persecution or well-founded fear of it.

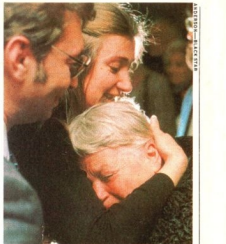
and 1973, then dropped sharply, then rose again last summer. This year's total may reach 50,000.

For many years, most of those leaving the Soviet Union went to Israel, but now more than half choose to come to the U.S. The emigrating Jews tend to be city people and often have professional backgrounds. As many as 350 who came to New York last year are professional musicians. Most have relatives in the U.S. They are assisted in their travel and resettlement by the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society and local Jewish family services.

Generally they do well in the U.S. Maks Gelman and his wife Anna, both 26, are typical examples. They were childhood sweethearts in the Ukraine, graduated from school together, and emigrated three years ago, shortly after Gelman's brother came to the U.S. Both took low-paying jobs and eventually were able to buy a candy store. This year Maks' 96-year-old grandmother joined them, and Anna's family is now in Rome waiting to be allowed in. "I was afraid of freedom at first," Maks says. "Now I am really happy." After the first ex-



Two Soviet Jews arriving at



A hug for a reunited loved one

"I expect all my dreams to come true."

citement, some refugees undergo a period of loneliness and separation. But many are eager to shed all reminders of their former home the moment they arrive in America. Said one elderly man from Minsk when addressed in Russian at the Kennedy Airport last week: "Can't you speak Yiddish? Russian I would rather forget."

For the Indochinese refugees the situation is more perilous. Some 900,000 have fled their countries to permanent or temporary asylum elsewhere since 1975, and thousands more have tried and failed. It was reported last week that a boatload of 500 Vietnamese refugees was forcibly towed out of Thailand's waters last month and has not been heard from since. A boat with 2,700 aboard has been moored off Hong Kong for three months, its refugees refused permission to land.

The Hanoi government has reportedly extorted \$30 million so far from those who want to be allowed to take their chances on the open seas without their own government trying to stop them: the going rate is more than \$2,000 in gold per family. Some 250,000 are now in temporary camps in Malaysia, Thailand, Hong Kong, Indonesia and other reluctant host countries. They arrive



Vietnamese woman emerges in a new land

After seeing a documentary on the plight of the boat people, Governor Robert Ray of Iowa wrote President Carter and said his state wished to add 1,500 more refugees this year to its current Indochinese population of 3,500. Ray offered those arriving last week "a new beginning, an opportunity to build new lives for yourselves and your children," and called on Iowans to "remember that our own ancestors were also boat people."

Tran Thanh Khiem, who is only six, was one of the first off the plane in Des Moines. He was very much alone, temporarily separated from his parents on the plane, and missing his name tag. The air was a brisk 45° F with gusty winds, but his lip was trembling out of fear. Then he spotted his father, Tran Van Duoc, hurrying toward him. They were bused to an assembly center where they met Larry and Carol Bailey, representatives of their American sponsor—the St. Francis Xavier Catholic Church in Belmont (pop. 2,500)—who would help the Duocs resettle.

On Tuesday Duoc, a former fisherman in Viet Nam, was on Sherm and Maryellen Oberhauser's farm, driving a tractor across the cornfields. Mrs. Oberhauser said their first lunch there went well: "They didn't touch the potatoes, and they looked at the green beans a long time before eating them, but they each had two hamburgers." Donna Knoll, 56, came by with a Vietnamese phrase book to help her new neighbors learn English. Carol Bailey took some of the family out shopping for shoes, and Larry Bailey planned a trip to Fort Dodge to get everybody Social Security numbers. Said Iowa Refugee Service Center Director Colleen Shearer: "Don't people spend their whole lives wanting to show love? This is a rare opportunity. People don't often get a chance to create a microcosm of what the world might be."

Guiding Change

An outline of U.S. goals

Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and White House National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski have frequently offered differing views of U.S. foreign policy. Brzezinski tends to be more combative, Vance more conciliatory. But a few weeks ago, when they discovered that they had independently scheduled May Day speeches in Chicago and New York City, the two top policymakers seized on the chance to get together. They conferred by phone, and each read and approved the other's draft. The result: the most comprehensive outline to date of the principles guiding U.S. foreign policy.

The main theme was that in a world that is becoming ever more diverse and complex, the U.S. cannot achieve its diplomatic goals simply by asserting its military or economic power. Rather, it must seek ways to adapt to and guide revolutionary changes that are probably unstoppable. Said Vance: "There can be no going back to a time when we thought there could be American solutions to every problem." The U.S., he counseled,

"must accept the fact that other societies will manage change and build new institutions in patterns that may be different from our own [an obvious allusion to Iran] ... Our national interest is not in [all countries] becoming like us. It is that they be free of domination by others."

Agreed Brzezinski: "The world is experiencing a global political awakening without precedent in history ... At the same time, the world is undergoing a significant redistribution of economic and political power ... Any attempt to create artificial obstacles to change for the sake of the status quo will merely foster U.S. isolation and irrelevance." The task, he said, "is to steer change in positive directions and to identify America with such change."

Well aware of the Senate criticism of the impending SALT agreement, both officials took pains to rebut charges that the U.S. is becoming a second-rate power. Said Vance: "The distorted proposition being advanced by some that America is in a period of decline in the world is not only wrong as a matter of fact but dangerous as a basis for policy." If the U.S. shies away from military intervention abroad, he said, that is a sign of weakness but of a mature recognition that "our military forces cannot provide a satisfactory answer to the purely internal problems of other nations."



Secretary Vance



Kennedy Airport last week

at a rate of up to 20,000 per month.

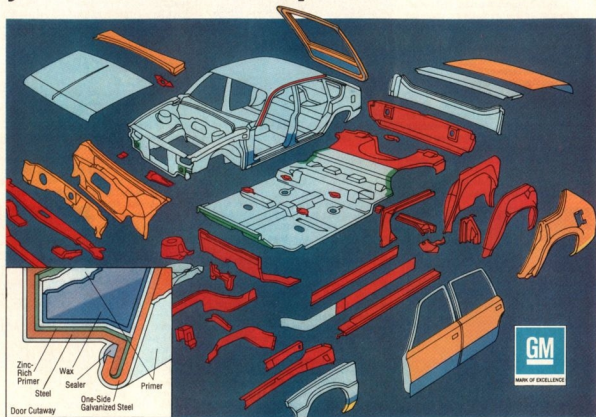
Former Iowa Senator Dick Clark, now U.S. Coordinator for Refugee Affairs, returned last week from a tour of the Asian camps. Says he: "I think it's going to continue to get worse. More and more people just want out." On his tour he talked to Philippine President Ferdinand Marcos about using an island as a large holding area, but that would obviously be only a temporary solution.

France, Australia, Germany, Canada and a few other countries are allowing some of the Indochinese refugees asylum, but about two-thirds of those resettled, 200,000, have come to the U.S. They are screened before admission by U.S. officials and private charities, and preference is given to refugees with relatives in the U.S., those who worked with the American Government in Viet Nam, and those who have been waiting longest.

There has been little problem finding American sponsors for the Indochinese.

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Big Oil, a Fig Leaf and Baloney

Kennedy's attack widens his rift with the President

The rivalry between Jimmy Carter and Edward Kennedy broke out again last week in a flurry of sharp words over the President's decontrol of oil prices and his proposed windfall profits tax. The Massachusetts Senator opposed the first decision and ridiculed the second. Carter struck back by calling Kennedy's charges "just a lot of baloney." *TIME* Washington Bureau Chief Robert Ajemian, who has closely followed the touchy relationship between the country's top two Democrats, reports on the combat.

Walking across the street toward his Tuesday press conference, Jimmy Carter listened intently as Jody Powell confirmed the taunting charges Ted Kennedy had made only a few hours earlier in New York City. Powell had just called Kennedy's office himself to check the exact words. Yes, the press secretary told the President, Kennedy had said the oil lobby intimidated Carter into "throwing in the towel" on decontrol without even "entering the ring." Yes, Kennedy had accused Carter of submitting a token windfall profits tax that was no more than a "transparent fig leaf" over vast new corporate profits.

Carter was steaming. Kennedy's criticisms were usually much more carefully phrased. The President looked at Powell and brusquely said that was a lot of baloney. A few minutes later, to Powell's surprise, Carter repeated the same comment to the press corps. Thus began the great fig leaf and baloney war.

The Georgians closest to Carter were delighted by the President's outburst. "Jimmy's had a bellyful of Ted Kennedy," said one of them. But the next day the President had cooled off and had second thoughts. He told congressional leaders that he had overreacted to Kennedy and he regretted having done so. But by then the issue had caught fire. Kennedy's own switchboard was alight with calls from all over the country, many from older people with fixed incomes who wanted to praise his stand against higher energy costs. The White House was bombarded, too, with most of the calls positive. One person wanted to tell the President he sounded exactly like Harry Truman.

The flare-up really began a month ago, when Carter first decided to decontrol oil prices. Kennedy for his part had urged the Administration not to abandon the threat of continued controls until a windfall tax was assured. But Carter had tried that approach last year and been clobbered by the Congress. This time the President figured to decontrol first and throw the responsibility for the tax onto Congress.



An angry Carter retorts at press conference

That decision, of course, meant an increase in gasoline and heating-oil prices, as well as in the overall rate of inflation. It also meant huge new profits for the oil companies. To counteract that, Carter proposed a profits tax that would leave the companies 29¢ out of every dollar gained from decontrol; he urged that the profits be spent on additional exploration and production. Kennedy angrily challenged the figure, asserting the oil companies would end up with far more. By week's end it was unclear whose figures

were more accurate. But the Kennedy intervention emboldened House Speaker Tip O'Neill to call publicly for a bigger windfall tax.

Until now the relationship between Carter and Kennedy has been mostly under control, always wary but never ugly. The Senator has consistently voted with the Administration on most major issues. "But now," said one of the President's senior advisers last week, "we see real differences coming up." Kennedy's repeated oratory about rising health and energy costs points up Carter's unsuccessful efforts in those fields and is beginning to get under his skin. The President has become especially sensitive about Kennedy's high standing among blacks and Jews, two groups that have soured on Carter.

The problem of Ted Kennedy does not burn in the President's mind, however. Carter, according to his closest aides, is convinced Kennedy is not going to run for President. Says one aide: "This Kennedy game of pretending to run doesn't scare Jimmy. He doesn't believe it." Unlike Lyndon Johnson, who agonized over the presidential ambitions of Robert Kennedy, Carter has no deep dislike for his political rival. But from time to time a natural resentment about Kennedy's popularity shows itself in Carter. During the 1976 campaign he burst forth that he did not have to "kiss Ted Kennedy's ass" to get nominated. The President complains to associates about how easily Kennedy "manipulates" the press, compared with the hard time Carter has with reporters and commentators.

Kennedy does not dislike Carter either. He seldom sees the President. He considers him book-smart but feels, according to one Kennedy intimate, that Carter runs an amateurish political operation. "Kennedy sees Carter throw out

*Despite that view, Carter enlivened the White House correspondents' dinner by remarking: "Amy says Senator Kennedy isn't a candidate—don't laugh at her; she's only a child."



Kennedy grills witness at subcommittee hearing

The Senator does not dislike the President but more and more he goads him.

Nation

an idea and then back away from it," says the aide. So Kennedy more and more goads the President to hold to what the Senator refers to as Democratic Party ideals. His strongest complaint is that the President has not galvanized the public on domestic issues like the wage and price guidelines, which Kennedy supports. Says one of Kennedy's top staffers: "Can you imagine how L.B.J. would whiplash those unions and companies?"

In the public mind, as the country has moved to the right in the past few years, Ted Kennedy remains fixed on the left. He is regarded by most as a big-spending, Big Government man. A recent poll once more listed him as the most liberal Senator in Congress. This raises questions: Are Kennedy's views out of step, out of

against the 2.2 million-member Teamsters Union. The objective once again is to reduce the role of the agencies, in this case the Interstate Commerce Commission, and open the industry to smaller operators. The opposition is heavy; both the companies and the union have joined forces against the legislation, claiming it would bring reduced efficiency, if not chaos. Kennedy has drawn support for his bill from groups that usually consider him a political adversary: both the National Association of Manufacturers and the American Conservative Union are backing him.

So Kennedy's zeal for an activist Big Government, which has long been his mark, has gradually become more selective. His stiff antitrust legislation, his end-

he opposed any across-the-board hike.

On national health insurance, for years his principal issue, Kennedy has dramatically revamped his tactics. His initial proposal called for expenditures of \$130 billion; the new cost figure is all the way down to \$29 billion and now heavily engages the private sector instead of passing the funds through Social Security.

Nowhere has the shift in Kennedy's political approach been more marked than in his bill to revise the federal criminal code. The legislation, which was stalled for twelve years because it was so controversial, authorizes sharply defined sentencing guidelines, and completely phases out the federal parole system. The American Civil Liberties Union has stiffly attacked Kennedy for certain parts of the bill and even some Republicans have described it as too authoritarian.

Thus Kennedy views himself as standing for Big Government—where health and safety are involved, for example—but also for a freer marketplace. Some of his Republican counterparts view Kennedy in much the same mixed way. Says Nevada Senator Paul Laxalt, a conservative who often needles Kennedy about his forays to the right: "Ted has no experience or confidence in local government. He still thinks all the competency is in Washington." G.O.P. Congressman Barber Conable also casts Kennedy as a centrist, a Big Government man but one who has stayed well within the mainstream of his own party. "Kennedy is a pragmatist, not an ideologue," says Conable.

Despite all predictions about Kennedy's future—the latest Gallup poll showed him beating Carter 58% to 31% among Democrats—he still remains enigmatic. As draft-Kennedy groups have started forming in Iowa and New Hampshire, and Cleveland Democrats last week called on him to enter the race, the Senator has made personal telephone calls to reassert his unavailability. And yet at the same time he repeatedly offers coy hints and insinuations that he might still become a candidate. A couple of months ago, the Senator told a favorite columnist in Boston that he would go after the nomination if Carter did not seek reelection, and the writer published it just that way. When one of Kennedy's staffers rushed in to tell him about the story and asked about releasing a denial, Kennedy waved him off. "I said it," conceded the Senator, "so let it stand."

So Kennedy the pragmatist holds to his political course, always positioning himself to the left of Jimmy Carter, but closer to the party's emotional center of gravity. At the same time, with his immense personal popularity, he continues to challenge the President, keeping him off balance. Carter may find that he gets increasingly tired of Kennedy's sniping and that in spite of his instinct for restraint, a little dose of retaliation may jostle the Senator off his back. ■



date? If so, how does he retain his enormous personal popularity? What does he stand for today?

The fact is that Kennedy, like most other politicians, has done considerable adjusting of his own philosophy, much of it unnoticed. "There are two sides to Kennedy," says one veteran Democrat. "People tend to focus on his liberal votes. But there is another side that pushes hard for an open, competitive market."

There is evidence to support this view. Kennedy has led the attack for several years on excessive Government regulation, always a conservative cause. He carefully chose his first target, the Civil Aeronautics Board and the airlines, largely because there were no powerful unions involved; Kennedy has rarely taken a bold stand against Big Labor. The long struggle resulted in the only bill in years—one for airline deregulation—that significantly limited the Government role.

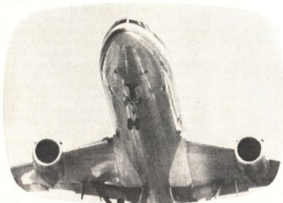
Now Kennedy is pushing for trucking deregulation, a decision that pits him

less hearings against increasing conglomerate mergers, have put him on the side of opening the way for smaller companies to compete against the biggest corporations.

Kennedy has revised his strategies in other areas. "Proposition 13 was a watershed for us too," said one of his aides. Despite the big hoots he made every other week against Jimmy Carter's budget cuts, Kennedy accepted the President's overall spending totals, including the \$29 billion deficit. He saw the political realities and the appeal of reduced spending, like everybody else. But like that of no one else in U.S. politics, Kennedy's appeal transcends ideology and so his new fiscal posture has caused little change in his superliberal reputation. His disagreements with Carter over federal spending were not on total amounts but on priorities within the budget: cuts in social programs vs. defense. He supports the President's 3% increase in NATO defense spending, but

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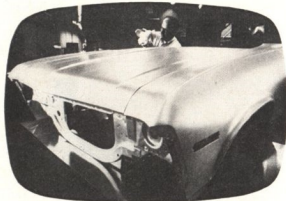
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Nation

A Patrician Entry for the G.O.P.

Bush hopes to win the nomination in the stretch

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am a candidate for President of the U.S." The words were plain, simple and to the point, befitting the Republican who uttered them last week: George Bush, 54, a man who knows his limitations and his possibilities. A realist, Bush is hoping for other, more flamboyant contenders to flame out; then he may strike some sparks. Bush would like to be everybody's No. 2 choice for President, not a farfetched wish for a politician who has no fanatical followers but loads of friends, scarcely a foe, and an impeccable record of public service: Navy fighter pilot during World War II, Texas Congressman, U.S. envoy to

claimed, "I understand the party. I have worked in the vineyards." Indeed, Republican leaders admire Bush for holding the G.O.P. together during Watergate while he was party chairman. Admitting that he lacked political support in depth, Bush declared that the geographical breadth of his backing would help his drive for the nomination.

Following his speech, Bush took off in a chartered DC-9 for a four-day, non-stop tour of most of the New England states and Florida and Alabama—all crucial to him because of their early February and March primaries. He must make a good showing fast or he is almost

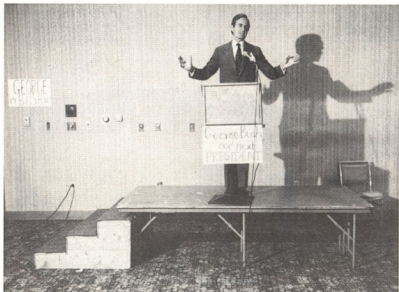
ton, he pursued the youth vote very nearly to the cradle: "I want to restore the stars in third-graders' eyes." But he failed to stir his audiences with speeches that contained more thought than passion and were carefully qualified. Compared with either Connally or Reagan, Bush is unexciting on the stump, a serious handicap for any long shot.

Bush lags far behind Reagan, Connally and Senate Minority Leader Howard Baker in the Republican polls, leading some pundits to suggest unkindly that his campaign has already peaked. His competitors, while respecting him as a person, do not think he has much chance of winning the nomination. For one thing, he has not yet succeeded in creating a distinctive political identity for himself. If he continues to blend into the crowd of Republican presidential aspirants, he will not be noticed by the voters, who seem to be yearning for assertive leadership.

Bush's staff and organization, on the other hand, are highly regarded. Talent has been plucked from a variety of camps. Jim Baker, the Texan who engineered Ford's 1976 convention victory, is Bush's campaign chairman. Robert Mosbacher, a Ford fund raiser, is finance chairman; Political Director David Keene did well as Reagan's Southern coordinator in the last election; Charles Snider, who will coordinate the Southern states, was George Wallace's campaign director; Bush's deputy press secretary, Susan Morrison, used to be communications director of the Democratic National Committee. Already the staff has set up committees in nine of the first eleven primary states, appointed finance chairmen in 40 states, and raised \$825,000—more than enough to obtain federal matching funds.

Other G.O.P. candidates were also on the move last week. Senator Baker asserted unequivocally for the first time that he would run, and tapped Missouri Senator John Danforth to be his issues manager. Kansas Senator Robert Dole revealed plans for a formal announcement on May 14. However, the first candidate to declare, Illinois Congressman Phil Crane, was having trouble. He was already \$888,000 in debt, much of it owed to Richard Viguerie, the direct-mail fundraising wizard. Crane replaced his campaign manager, and four of the candidate's top aides promptly quit.

As the Republican race starts shaping up, Bush's strategy is to appeal to party moderates without alienating conservatives, a task he has adroitly performed for most of his career. The biggest obstacle, as he sees it, is Front Runner Reagan, who is not scheduled to announce until September. Bush's advisers hope that Reagan will stumble somewhere along the primary route. "He is a great old dog," says Keene, "but he won't hit this year." Even if Reagan falters, other, better-known candidates would have to fall aside before "everyone's No. 2" could be No. 1. ■



Candidate Bush carries his fledgling campaign to Burlington, Vt.

Lots of friends and a record of public service—but no strong image and no sense of fire.

China, United Nations Ambassador, Republican National Chairman and CIA Director.

Flanked by his photogenic family as he made his announcement at Washington's National Press Club, Bush took a poke at President Carter: "We have learned that good intentions are not enough in a President. To be effective, leadership in the 1980s must be based on a politics of substance, not symbols; of reason, not bombast; of frankness, not false promise." He called for the usual Republican objectives: reduced federal spending, a balanced budget, increased military strength, a tougher foreign policy.

Then he aimed a swipe at two of his Republican opponents: Ronald Reagan and fellow Texan John Connally, both of whom began their careers as Democrats. As a "lifelong Republican," Bush pro-

sure to sink among all the contenders. At each stop Bush, lean, elegant and soft-spoken, handled the crowds with the easy grace of a Yankee patrician to the political manner born. His father, Prescott Bush, was a Senator from Connecticut from 1952 to 1962. George Bush went to Phillips Academy, Andover, and to Yale, where he made Phi Beta Kappa, before moving to Texas in 1948, where he later helped found and run the Zapata Petroleum Corp. Bush promised last week to reveal his income taxes for the past five years and his net worth "to dispel the notion that I am a rich Texas something-or-other." He is rich enough. Bush sold his oil-industry holdings in 1966 when he was first elected to Congress, but his net worth is estimated at upwards of \$1.3 million.

As he campaigned, Bush stressed his broad experience in government. In Bos-

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The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Get Those Juices Flowing!

Politics is the life force at the center of Government, and the attempt to retreat from it is one of the worst mistakes of the past two years. Just about the time that Jimmy Carter seemed to be developing the necessary skills of power brokering, he picked up that sappy idea for a single six-year presidential term, which he thinks would allow a President to "ignore politics" and "stay away from any sort of campaign plans and so forth."

If Rosalynn whispered that to him one night, they should take away the pillow. If he found the notion in that special library in his little study, they ought to have a book burning. The single six-year term is an idea that appeals to troubled politicians—Eisenhower, Johnson, Nixon, Ford, Connally. Most of them never muttered it until they got into some difficulty. Carter may be in political peril, but he need not abandon the Constitution yet.

Politics is the way ahead in this nation. It is a collection of yearnings put together to make a majority that gives purpose to thought and turns theory into action. Politics is movement,

mission, protest, the creative tension whence comes direction. We do not need less politics, we need more politics—good politics.

Politics is struggle that purges a system. When properly managed, it is the substitute for aggression and war. It is corrupt in spots, but also it is a way to infuse higher ideals into national affairs. Politics remains the only process through which we can achieve order, obligation, survival, freedom.

Politics, quite literally, is the voice box of the people. Every four years we need the opportunity to throw the bums out, and all through the four years we need the right to keep

the fellows scared to death that they might be thrown out. Doesn't Carter yet realize that campaigning forces him (and others) to think, take positions, clear fuzzy parts of the brain? The game measures the men. It is tiring and wasteful, but that is always the price for democracy, where competition substitutes for autocracy.

We suffer grievously these days because political party loyalty has declined, beliefs bend with the wind, leaders cannot lead. Majorities melt away. Being in office becomes the only objective. Fortunately, there is still some pure political sentiment around these premises, struggling for its life. Last week, with Teddy attacking Jimmy and Jimmy attacking Teddy and Jerry attacking Jimmy and George attacking the attackers, it seemed like old times. The language was enriched. "Fig leaf," said Kennedy. "Baloney," said Carter. "Botched the job," charged Ford. "Reckless... failure," roared Bush. There is room for rhetorical improvement, but at least there is some passion. The juices are flowing. Labor bosses are sorting through the possibilities. Businessmen are hustling money. Young matrons, bored for too many months, are choosing up sides, stuffing their salons with contributors, advancemen and bearded campaign strategists.

When they had the White House Correspondents' Association dinner the other night, more journalists and politicians (1,800) gathered than ever before in Washington. The smell of rekindled politics seeped through the doors, lay heavy on the floor. In the center of the tuxedoed mass was Hamilton Jordan, Carter's chief aide, cheek by jowl with Richard Cheney, Jerry Ford's former top staffer and now the Wyoming Congressman. They whispered, nudged, chortled. When it was over, Jordan walked over to a friend and fibbed, "Cheney says he will be back in the White House in a couple of years." Jordan loved it. His eyes were bright, the scent of a long, tough but exhilarating campaign ahead. He was like a welterweight, walking on the balls of his feet, sizing up the enemy, politely touching gloves while cocking his right for the uppercut. It was beautiful.



The Senator from Georgia at ethics hearing

Trial of a Lion

Talmadge fights for survival

Only three times in the past 45 years has there been anything like it: a Senate committee hearing that amounts to a public trial of one of the upper chamber's own members. And in this case, one of its most powerful members: Democrat Herman Eugene Talmadge, 65, Senator from Georgia since 1957; seventh in seniority among all 100 Senators; chairman of the powerful Agriculture Committee and second in command on the tax-writing Finance Committee; dynastic political leader of his home state for decades. Last week the six-member Senate Ethics Committee began hearing testimony on five charges of financial misconduct against Talmadge. If the committee finds Talmadge culpable, it could recommend to the full Senate that he be stripped of his seniority, or censured, or even expelled.

One of the charges against Talmadge is that he collected money from the Senate for expenses that he either did not incur or that were not reimbursable. Other accusations are that he did not pay federal taxes on gifts to his former wife Betty; that he did not report gifts by constituents, as is required by law; that he filed false reports of campaign contributions and expenditures with the Senate; and that he improperly converted campaign contributions to his personal use. The Justice Department is awaiting the outcome of the hearings before deciding whether to take any action against Talmadge, who may also find his tax returns scrutinized by the Internal Revenue Service.

Most of the charges stem from Talmadge's messy 1977 divorce from Betty, who forced disclosure of the Senator's financial records. Since then, Daniel Minchew, a former Talmadge aide, has told Ethics Committee investigators that he deposited \$26,000 in unreported cam-

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Nation

paign gifts and almost \$13,000 in excessive Senate expense reimbursements in an account kept in the Senator's name at the Riggs National Bank in Washington.

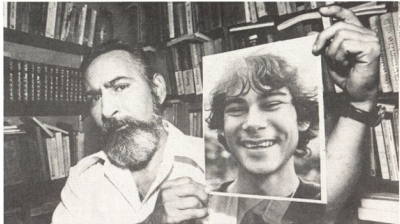
On opening day, Talmadge led off by delivering an angrily worded statement. With the air of a wounded lion determined to fight off encircling vultures, Talmadge denounced Minchew as "a proven liar, cheat and embezzler." Minchew has admitted receiving money from the bank account, but claimed he was simply being reimbursed for money he spent—for the Senator. Talmadge said that if he had committed the offenses he was accused of, he would be dim-witted, and the Senator added: "Even my enemies don't claim that I'm that stupid."

Talmadge has conceded some irregularities; indeed, he has offered to repay the Senate \$37,000 in expense money that he grants was improperly drawn. But he blames the improprieties on confusion and sloppy bookkeeping by his office staff. He insists that he did not even know until last summer that the Riggs bank account existed.

Puffing on a Gold Label cigar, Talmadge closely followed the first week's action and then summed it up accurately enough by declaring: "They haven't learned anything" that was not agreed upon by him and the committee in advance. The pace may pick up for Talmadge as the hearings continue and he faces the testimony of Minchew and, possibly, that of his ex-wife Betty.

What the hearings will do to Talmadge's chances for election to a fifth Senate term next year is uncertain. After a string of personal setbacks—the death by drowning of his son Robert, the bitter divorce from Betty, a bout with alcoholism that once sent him reeling onto the Senate floor—Talmadge has little left but his political career, and he intends to fight for it. He defiantly reaffirmed his candidacy in February, upon emerging from the Long Beach Naval Medical Center after five weeks of treatment that he says cured his drinking problem. Two weeks ago, he spurned an offer by Senator Adlai Stevenson, chairman of the Ethics Committee, to drop the hearings if he would accept Senate censure.

Talmadge's popularity undoubtedly has nosedived in Atlanta. But the churning rural fundamentalists who idolized his father, gallus-snapping Eugene Talmadge, four times elected Governor, view the Senator's troubles more in sorrow than in anger. Bill Robinson, a veteran Georgia political observer, says that they regard Betty as a vindictive woman and see the Senator as "an old man kicked out of his home, living in an apartment while his wife got the hogs, the land and the pecan trees. His only home is the Senate." The prevailing view is that Talmadge can be beaten only if the Senate votes to censure him outright—and even then it would be a close race. ■



Novelist Pedro Juan Soto with photograph of son, Carlos, slain in ambush

Death at Cerro Maravilla

A Puerto Rican police shooting brings the Governor under fire

"It was outright assassination," protested Puerto Rican Novelist Pedro Juan Soto, father of one of the victims. "It was a setup that was meant to be a lesson to others," declared Senator Miguel Hernández Agosto, head of the island's once ruling Popular Democratic Party. "The Governor planned it all. It was part of a systematic plan to wipe us out," charged Socialist Leader Juan Mari Bras.

The controversy buffetting Governor Carlos Romero Barceló, who vehemently denies that any wrong was done, derives from the killing of two young leftists by Commonwealth police. The police insist that the two agitators for Puerto Rican independence from the U.S. were about to blow up government radio towers at Cerro Maravilla, a mountain site about 50 miles from San Juan. Yet there are so many unanswered questions and contradictory versions of the police ambush that a U.S. Justice Department investigation is looking for possible violations of civil rights, a federal grand jury is probing the case, and relatives of Carlos Soto Arrivi, 18, and Arnaldo Darío Rosado, 23, have sued the police and the Governor for \$2,150,000. Their suit maintains that the young men were victims of "summary execution."

The police claim that Soto, a high school student who had no police record, and Rosado, who had been charged earlier with illegal possession of firearms, belonged to the Movimiento Armado Revolucionario, a tiny radical cell with no ties to the mainstream political parties. One of the group's five members, Alejandro González Malavé, 21, was an undercover agent for the police. He and the two youths stopped a cab on the outskirts of Ponce last July 25. At gunpoint they forced the driver, Julio Ortiz Molina, to take them up a remote mountain road.

As they reached an isolated clearing

near a commercial TV station tower, a quarter-mile away from the government complex, the three men got out of the car. Shots suddenly rang out, and the terrified cabbie ducked to the car floor. Rosado died immediately. Soto lay mortally wounded. The undercover agent suffered superficial wounds. The presumed bombers carried only two boxes of matches and a box of charcoal briquettes. Police officials said they had shouted "Halt!" when the revolutionaries got out of the cab, but the two youths had begun firing.

Cabbie Molina has told interviewers that as the three men emerged from his car, they were greeted by a volley of gunfire, and Molina heard a cry, "Don't fire! I'm a police agent!" and another voice cry, "I give myself up!" Both Molina and the technician at the nearby TV tower said they heard no police order to halt. There was no convincing explanation of why it took a police car 90 minutes to get the wounded Soto to a hospital, a trip that a car can make in 25 minutes. Soto was dead when he reached the hospital.

After the ambush Governor Romero praised the police as "heroes." He deplored "those who carry guns and pistols, who go with bombs," and warned: "Those who kill must be prepared to die."

After Romero's political critics began charging him with at least indirect involvement, the Governor at first said that he had not known of the alleged plot before the ambush, but he later conceded to TIME Correspondent Richard Woodbury that he had been told of several impending terrorist attacks, including one on the towers. He said the police had assured him that they would handle the matter, and he had told them "Fine." As for the police action, Romero declared: "I have no evidence of anything improper. All there has been so far is speculation, no evidence." ■

Nation

Tuna Catch

Computer hooks a drug ring

"Black tuna, black tuna," crackled the clandestine radio. That was the signal that another plane load of marijuana was being picked up from Colombia to be sent to the U.S. by the Black Tuna Ring, whose members carry medallions engraved with the fish. The gang is estimated to have smuggled \$300 million worth of narcotics into the U.S. since 1974. Last week a federal grand jury in Miami hooked 14 Black Tunas with a 40-count indictment for, among other things, racketeering and smuggling. It was one of the biggest drug busts in history.

Among those indicted were the ring's alleged bosses, Robert Meinster, 37, and Robert Plathorn, 36, both natives of Philadelphia. They own Miami's South Florida Auto Auction, a used-car firm that

the Government calls "a business front" set up to launder the drug earnings. With a membership of 50 or so, Black Tuna was described by one Drug Enforcement Administration official as consisting of "a very sophisticated and educated group of professional people." Drugs were ferried, for example, by a couple of former commercial airline pilots who are believed to have known the gaps in the U.S. coastal radar network. A communications expert monitored secret DEA radio frequencies, and a yacht broker painted fake water lines on hulls so that boats would appear to be empty and riding high when actually loaded with marijuana.

After the money started rolling in, Meinster and Plathorn moved into a suite in a posh Miami Beach hotel, and began accumulating boats, cars and houses and bought some prime Palm Springs real estate. In September 1977, according to the indictment, they deposited \$1 million in cash in a Miami Beach bank.

Despite its scale, the Black Tuna roundup lacked the melodrama of many narcotics crackdowns. The main action took place in hushed financial offices and on a silent computer terminal screen, as a task force of some 30 DEA and FBI agents, aided by two undercover informants, traced the enormous sums of money generated by the drug running. Dubbed Operation Banco, the investigation scrutinized thousands of financial transactions, hunting for suspicious deposits and investments and then following the funds as they were laundered and transferred to Florida banks.

As a result of its success, Operation Banco may become a prototype for narcotics investigations across the nation. DEA agents in New York City are already working with the IRS and the Federal Reserve Bank. The Government hopes that the ubiquitous computer will prove to be the best sleuth yet in tracking illegal drug traders.



Birds of a Feather

Ohio's Shawnee Indians regularly violate the state's bird-protection law by plucking feathers from eagles, hawks and even robins for their ceremonial head-dresses. No one has ever been arrested, but some Indians insist that the fowl law slights their heritage, and they persuaded State Representative Edward Orlett to do something about it.

He sponsored a bill that would allow Indians to gather feathers legally, but only if they complied with four pages of regulations. Pluckers would have to 1) prove that they are Indians; 2) obtain permits from the Ohio Division of Wildlife; 3) remove plumage only from birds that had been found dead; and 4) not give away any feathers, though they could be bequeathed to another Indian. The bill floated through the Ohio house of representatives last week by a vote of 78 to 17, but may be shot down in the state senate. Jeered State Senator John Kasich: "This is a perfect example of government at its silliest."

Americana

In the Neck

During World War II, some 200 people, mostly black, lived in coastal Harris Neck, Ga., farming small plots, raising cows, pigs and chickens and fishing for oysters, shrimp and crabs. But in 1942 the Army began evicting the residents, paying them less than \$10 an acre for their land, and built an emergency airbase. After the war, the 2,687 acres passed from one unit of Government to another; finally, in the early 1960s, the land was declared "surplus property" and turned into a federal haven for geese, ducks and deer. Apparently no one considered selling the land back to its original owners, many of whom were still living near by in trailers and small houses.

After waiting nearly 40 years for someone in Washington to do something about their grievance, 50 former residents and descendants peacefully invaded the Harris Neck Wildlife Refuge. They set up tents and vowed to remain until the Government was willing to discuss giving back the land, rebuilding their homes and paying \$50 million in damages. Last week a federal judge in Savannah ordered the protesters to leave. When four men refused, they were arrested by federal marshals. As the men were taken away, scores of supporters stood outside the refuge's barbed-wire fence, crying, praying and singing. The four were sentenced to 30 days in jail for criminal contempt of court. U.S. Attorney William T. Moore insisted that civil rights was not at issue. Said he: "Everybody has the same rights to the Harris Neck refuge."



Missing Disaster

Opening the morning mail in Cloud Lake, Fla., Town Clerk Dorothy Gravelin discovered that the Federal Government had designated the tiny municipality (pop. 136) a "major disaster area." Gravelin was perplexed. "Everything here looked fine," she said. She phoned Liz Pattison, Florida coordinator in the U.S. Office of Revenue Sharing, who told her that the disaster must have been the severe crop freeze in January 1977. Cloud Lake has no farms and only a few backyard orange trees.

After a quick huddle with Mayor Leon Larisey, Gravelin announced that Cloud Lake would stand on principle and refuse the federal aid. Said Wendy Hallgren, owner of a pottery shop: "There's enough government waste without us adding to it. We're honest, God-fearing people. We're not going to take a handout for a disaster that we never had." So Washington will have to find some other way of spending the relief earmarked for Cloud Lake, all \$22.61 of it.



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COVER STORIES

A Tory Wind of Change

The "Iron Lady" takes charge at No. 10

Savor the moment. For the first time in history, two women were the principals in the traditional "kissing hands upon appointment"—a ceremony in which the leader of the winning party is summoned to Buckingham Palace, there to be designated Prime Minister of Britain by the monarch and asked to form a government. The monarch, of course, was Queen Elizabeth II. The Prime Minister was Margaret Hilda Thatcher, 53, a grocer's daughter from the English Midlands, who last week led her Conservative Party to a decisive victory over James Callaghan's Labor Party. The Tories won a solid majority of 43 seats in the 635-member House of Commons,* and Thatcher thereby became not only the first woman to head a British government but the first to lead a major Western nation.

Even before the vote tally established that the Conservatives had an absolute majority of 318 seats, outgoing Prime Minister Callaghan drove to Buckingham Palace last Friday to hand in his resignation to the Queen. Minutes after he left the palace precincts, Thatcher was on her way to "kiss hands" and receive the royal commission to form a government. Denis Thatcher accompanied his wife to the palace; like Prime Ministers' spouses before him, he remained downstairs to chat with the Queen's aides.

Following an audience that lasted 45 minutes, the Thatchers drove in a black Rover limousine to No. 10 Downing Street, the official residence of Prime Ministers. The Callaghans had already packed and left, not in haste but in keeping with a longstanding British tradition that the transfer of power in all its aspects should be quick and decorous.

Downing Street was packed with well-wishers and photographers when Thatcher arrived. Expressing delight and excitement over her victory, Britain's "Iron Lady" made a conciliatory statement

*Last Parliament: Labor 307, Conservatives 282, Liberals 14, others 29. New Parliament: Conservatives 339, Labor 268, Liberals 11, others 16.



Britain's first woman Prime Minister gives victory wave at Tory party headquarters
A clear break with the past that promised a retrenching of the welfare state.

clearly addressed to a nation poised uneasily for change: "I would like to remember some words of St. Francis of Assisi, which I think are particularly apt at the moment: 'Where there is discord, may we bring harmony; where there is doubt, may we bring faith; where there is despair, may we bring hope.' Now that the election is over, may we get together and strive to serve and strengthen the country."

At Labor Party headquarters a few blocks away, "Sunny Jim" Callaghan, 67, spoke of his defeat with the same reserve and gentle dignity that marked his campaign. He publicly congratulated his successor as Prime Minister. "It is a great office," he said, "a wonderful privilege, and for a woman to occupy that office is, I think, a tremendous moment in the country's history. Therefore, everybody must on behalf of all our people wish her well and wish her success."

Callaghan, who easily recaptured his home constituency in Wales, now becomes leader of the opposition. He will be less tormented by the Labor Party's left wing, many of whose zealous members went down to defeat in marginal districts. So did the most able woman in his Cabinet, former Education Secretary Shirley Williams, 48. Another loser, predictably, was onetime Liberal Leader Jeremy Thorpe, 50, who soon faces trial on charges of conspiracy and incitement to murder a man who claimed to be his lover. A Tory easily bested eight other candidates to take Thorpe's North Devon seat.

Throughout the four-week campaign, which was brought about when Callaghan's government narrowly lost a vote of confidence in March, both major parties emphasized that Britain faced a clear choice. Callaghan offered a continuation of the moderate social democratic policies that have dominated British political and economic life since the end of World War II. Thatcher presented a clear break with the socialist past, advocating a return to the market economy and a retrenching of Britain's welfare state. As some commentators saw it, Labor, in a reversal of traditional roles, had become the party of established orthodoxy, while the Conservatives advocated radical reform.

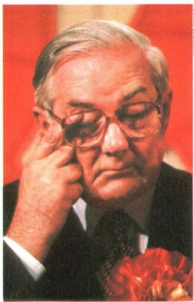
The Tories entered the campaign with a lead of up to 21% in early polling. That was largely a result of public anger and frustration over a bitter winter of strikes and industrial strife that severely undermined Labor's claim to be the only party that could deal successfully with Britain's powerful trade unions. As the campaign continued, the Tory lead steadily dwindled; two days before the election one poll even showed a slight Labor edge. There seemed little doubt about the reason for the decline: the personality of Margaret Thatcher. To avoid a major gaffe by their outspoken leader, Tory strategists designed a media campaign to keep her on camera but away from confrontation. Nevertheless, Thatcher's sometimes hectoring, sometimes condescending manner



Thatcher making a campaign speech in Ealing, a London suburb

irritated many voters. In one poll last week, she ranked behind both Callaghan and the Liberals' David Steel as a campaign performer. In the end, though, the desire for change proved overwhelming, and on election day Britons voted in near record numbers for the Tories and their fighting lady.

Thatcher thus takes her place alongside Israel's Golda Meir, India's Indira Gandhi and Sri Lanka's Sirimavo Bandaranaike as modern women politicians who have made it to the top. In keeping with British tradition, Thatcher will be addressed simply as "Prime Minister." Even before she paid her first visit to Downing Street, her campaign aides had arrived, their arms loaded with paper work. The government of a determined woman whose work ethic had been forged in the heartland of England was taking shape with no delay.



Labor's Callaghan, in a moment of defeat
With reserve and quiet dignity.

Grantham, a market town of 28,000 in Lincolnshire, has three claims to fame: the 281-ft. spire of St. Wulfham's Church is the third highest in England, Sir Isaac Newton went to school there, and Margaret Hilda Thatcher (nee Roberts) was born and raised in an apartment over her family's grocery store at the corner of North Parade and Broad streets.

A bootmaker's son, Alfred Roberts was a pillar of the Methodist Church and once served as the mayor of Grantham. He and his wife Beatrice, a seamstress before her marriage, kept a well-appointed shop that also served as the local post office. They lived upstairs in spotless quarters, although the bathroom was in the backyard. For Margaret and her elder sister Muriel, now 57, family life in Grantham was frugal but warm, with a vision of something better: work hard, pay cash, save and get ahead. Years later, Thatcher remembered that "my parents embedded in us very strongly that work and cleanliness were next to godliness. There was more than just having to work to live—there was work as a duty."

Margaret Roberts, who was never called "Maggie," is remembered in Grantham as a studious, determined little girl with the cherubic looks of a cupid on a Victorian valentine. At the age of nine, she won a poetry-reading prize at the annual town festival. Her headmistress at Hunting Town Road Elementary School offered congratulations, saying, "You were lucky!" To which Margaret replied: "I wasn't lucky. I deserved it."

There are no recollections in Grantham of Margaret with chums or boy-friends. She was an exceptionally pretty girl, but very earnest. As teen-agers she and Muriel would help out in the store. Thatcher remembers fondly: "We used to stand in the shop sometimes late on a Saturday evening. It was quite a big shop, with all the beautiful mahogany fittings that I now see in the antique shops. A lot of people came in, and with Father on the [town] council, and knowing we were all interested in what was going on in the world, we would talk quite late." In this

World



The Prime Minister with Husband Denis, Daughter Carol and Son Mark in London

grass-roots setting, her conservative political views came into focus. By the time she was in her late teens, she has said, "politics was in my bloodstream."

A career in either politics or law, her other main interest, seemed beyond the family's means. "There was no question of my thinking I had a political future," she once observed. "We could not have afforded it . . . Somehow, if people wanted to get on in the world, they went into the professions. It made a good deal of impression on me that we were in trade. I've always been trade all my life."

But Alfred Roberts was determined that his daughters would have a better life than the family shop. "Very few girls from Grantham went to any university, much less Oxford," says John Foster, a local businessman. "But Margaret and her father were set on Oxford." The university required Latin for all entering students, a course not offered to girls in Grantham at that time. Roberts solved the problem: he hired a tutor for his daughter, and in three months she was able to meet the university's Latin qualifications.

At Oxford's Somerville College, Margaret studied chemistry, not out of any basic interest, but because she knew it would guarantee a job. She became president of the Oxford University Conservative Association, but she was not allowed to participate in debates of the prestigious Oxford Union, long a training ground for British political leaders; not until 1963 were women admitted as members. She was graduated with a bachelor of science degree, an upper-class accent acquired by elocution lessons, and an unflag-

ging determination to enter politics.

In 1947 she took a job as a research chemist with British Xylonite plastics in Essex and immediately began turning up at local Conservative Party affairs. Impressed Tory officials proposed her as their candidate for Dartford, then a safe Labor seat in Kent. Being chosen as a sacrificial lamb is the classic way to begin a career in British politics, and Margaret eagerly accepted. In the 1950 election Margaret, then 24, was the youngest woman running for Parliament. She lost, but Kingsley Wood, then leader of the Tories on the Dartford Council, recalls that "we all knew she was something different. She worked tirelessly and had the knack of remembering everyone's name."

It was also in 1950 that Margaret met tall, angular Denis Thatcher, a divorced businessman ten years her senior. They were married a year later. He then worked for a paint company that his family owned, and had run for Parliament himself, also unsuccessfully. More important, Denis Thatcher provided the emotional,

financial and social security for her own career. He eventually became an executive director of the Burmah Oil Company before retiring in 1975.

In 1953 Margaret gave birth to twins, a boy and a girl—an instant family that her friends cite as the ultimate in efficiency. Mark went to Harrow and is now the representative of an Australia-based freight company. His sister Carol studied law at London University and has been working in Australia as a reporter for the *Sydney Morning Herald*. She returned to London in time for the last weeks of the campaign.

Four months after the twins were born, Margaret qualified as a barrister specializing in tax and patent law. She also kept her political ties. In 1959, when the twins were six and in boarding school, she was adopted as the Conservative candidate for Finchley, a safe Tory seat in the London suburbs. Thatcher romped home with a majority of 16,260 in the Conservative landslide, and her political career was launched.

The meshing of her public and private lives placed near schizoid demands on Thatcher. She had, and still has, two faces that are startlingly different: prim and tart-tongued in public, she is also a homebody who delights in comparing prices with other housewives in grocery stores near her comfortable house on Flood Street in the fashionable London district of Chelsea. Thatcher herself has said that "I'm a romantic at heart," and admits that "there are times when I get home at night, and everything has got on top of me, when I shed a few tears silently, alone."

By all accounts the Thatcher family is a close-knit foursome, and Husband Denis is a cheery, supportive consort. Although the Thatchers last week began moving into the impersonal family quarters at No. 10 Downing Street, they will keep their Chelsea house. How much of their Chelsea routine can be kept is another matter. Normally, Thatcher is up at 6:30 a.m. to cook Denis' breakfast and do the shopping before heading off for Parliament. She likes sales and takes pride in being a bargain hunter. But time has become so precious that for the past few years she has bought her clothes—usually neatly tailored suits and blouses, often from Marks & Spencer—on twice-a-year bulk-buying sprees. Even the Queen sometimes appears slightly wind-blown in public, but Thatcher is invariably coifed and lacquered against the elements. She has already advised the staff at Downing Street that they



Campaigning with Tory M.P. Winston Churchill, grandson of Sir Winston
The strategy was to keep her on-camera but away from confrontation.

An Interview with Thatcher

"No liberty unless there is economic liberty"

As her election campaign was nearing its end, Tory Leader Margaret Thatcher was interviewed at her office by London Bureau Chief Bonnie Angelo and TIME's Frank Melville. Thatcher critically inspected the flowers on the table, deftly broke the stems to improve the arrangement and then candidly put forth her views on both foreign and domestic policy. The exclusive interview is the only one that Britain's new Prime Minister gave to a foreign publication during the campaign. Excerpts:

On Rhodesia. You have got to go from where you are now: there is an internal settlement. There was an election, one person—one vote for four different parties. Where else would you get that in Africa? The problem isn't between whether you should have a white or black government, it's who shall be the black government. The whole illegality of Rhodesia was because they had not observed the six principles.* If those six principles are observed, there's no reason to retain the illegality, no reason to have the sanctions at all. So the Anglo-American plan is not the point in issue at the moment.

On defense. We shall increase our defense expenditure. We don't feel we are bearing our proper share. Certainly our troops aren't properly equipped, they haven't got the proper supplies. We shall have an independent nuclear deterrent. Precisely what that deterrent will be is obviously a matter for further consideration. But the Russians have the big SS-8, -19 and -20 movable ballistic missiles, which are not in SALT. We have to have our deterrent to that. I'm very much for three deterrents: American, ours and the French. It's very much better than one.

On Anglo-U.S. relations. You don't change warm relationships between countries just because you've changed governments. I'm sure President Carter said the same when he was running for office—after all, he was the challenger. We know that Europe and the Free World cannot be properly defended unless America stays in Europe. The ties of history, the ties of the English-speaking peoples are really very great indeed. They should outlast Presidents and Prime Ministers.

*In 1966, then Prime Minister Harold Wilson spelled out six conditions under which Britain would recognize Rhodesia's Unilateral Declaration of Independence. The principles included majority rule, an end to racial discrimination, and a form of government that was acceptable to all Rhodesians, black and white alike.

On the neutron bomb. We did not give enough support to President Carter on the neutron bomb. He was asking for European opinion, and European opinion was: "It is a matter for you." It was *not* wholly a matter for him. We should have said quite clearly, we believe this is the most effective antitank weapon we can have, and that it would be advisable from the viewpoint of Europe's defense to go ahead with it. He did not get the view in Europe that he was asking for. I think it's a great pity. I think the Conservative Party was prepared to give it.

On the Soviet Union. You have to watch them—they work in three ways. First, by trying to get such superior forces they never need use them; a threat would be enough. We must stop them from doing that. Secondly, by trying to outflank and cut us off from our supplies of raw materials. That is the great significance of Rhodesia and South Africa: we get our vital raw materials from there. We're lucky with our oil for the time being. Now there is that colossal outflanking movement right across the oil countries, across the Horn of Africa. The third way is subversion. I often say to some of our African friends, "Don't you ever forget, we were easy to throw out. Don't think the Communists will be if they get on."

On Soviet objectives. I do regard the Russian threat as a worldwide thing. Their objective has never changed: it is the domination of the world by the Communist system. There are only about 35 democracies now out of about 120 countries. Together, by one means or another, we must see that the Soviets don't win their objectives. We have to get an interlocking alliance throughout the world. I would like to see Japan giving more of her tremendous resources to defense—after all, she is in a pretty tricky position. We have the best political system the world has ever known. And we're not just going to see countries go under, one after another. We'd do whatever we have to do.

On Britain and Europe. I think our support for the European Economic Community has been very halfhearted. You really cannot join any group of nations and spend all your time criticizing it. The E.E.C. is free Europe getting together. Had we some vision like that after the First World War, we might never have had the Second. We couldn't get the whole of Europe, but at least we've got half of

Europe free. At least my son does not have to go and fight as his father had to fight. Surely that is the most valuable thing of all, the reason for keeping Europe together... I loathe the bureaucratic trivialities of the E.E.C., and tell them so. What is important is to keep competition genuine and free.

On economics and liberty. There can be no liberty unless there is economic liberty. The E.E.C. treaty concentrates not on a declaration of human rights but on the economics of the free society: it shall be based on consumer choice and fair competition, free movement of capital and people. It is the only economic treaty to really underpin liberty. Extinguish free enterprise and you extinguish liberty.

On her rise to the top. I didn't set out to arrive here at all. I just set out believing very passionately certain things and taking each opportunity as it came, and the astonishing thing is that the ball has bounced right on each occasion. I didn't set out to become a rival to Ted [former Prime Minister Edward Heath] in any way. Our party decided that Ted must submit himself to a leadership contest. I sat back and waited for some contestants to come forward, and when they didn't, I said, "Well, you can't have a contest without some contestants." So I said, "All right—I will!" I didn't know how it would go, but I did it because I happened to believe passionately that we needed to return to the fundamentals of a free society, that we were going much too fast toward the bureaucratic state that controls people. By far the most powerful and dynamic force in society is that people want to do better for their children. Once you start to deny that, and once people start to turn to government for everything, they will soon cease to be a free and independent people. That is what I put in issue in this election.

On women in power. I think women tend to be very much more practical, less theoretical. They look much more to the long term because they are concerned about the world into which their children will grow. Far more women have experience of management than men, because they are managers of their homes. They have the experience of making decisions and not passing the buck. Don't forget, before we had democracy the women didn't do half badly—Queen Elizabeth I, Queen Victoria. Women in power have done very well for Britain.

World

"will have to understand that I must have an hour in my schedule once a week to have my hair done."

The family's life-style is comfortable, conventional, squarely middle class. Thatcher has few close friends and no real intellectual interests outside politics. She reads primarily "to keep up," as she puts it, much prefers Rudyard Kipling to T.S. Eliot, rarely dines out or sees a play. Her only hobby is collecting Royal Crown Derby china. At the end of a day, she and Denis like to relax over a drink: hers is Scotch, neat and usually just one.

When Thatcher first took her place on the back benches, there was no reason for anyone to mark her as a future Tory leader, much less Britain's first woman Prime Minister. She was not a member of any inner circle, not a protégée of any powerful party figure. Attractive in almost too meticulous a way, with a complexion as English as Devonshire cream and the instant smile of a doctor's receptionist, she looked rather like the chairman of a garden club in an affluent suburb. But in her first year as an M.P. she managed to get one of her own bills on the statute books—an early "sunshine law" that gave the press and the public the right to attend meetings of regional and urban councils.

After that, Thatcher's star began to rise rapidly. She became a junior minister for pensions in 1961, and three years later, when the Conservatives were in opposition, she was promoted to the front bench, which allowed her to shine in debate. In 1967 she joined the shadow cabinet and held a number of portfolios, including housing, transport and education. She also spoke up on treasury matters. Some Tory backbenchers remember vividly the verbal exchange that marked Thatcher as a fighting lady to be reckoned with. Chancellor of the Exchequer Denis Healey, who is renowned for



Margaret (left) at four with Sister Muriel

his brutal wit, had just dubbed her "La Passionaria of Privilege." Thatcher ignored the pointed insult. "Some Chancellors are micro-economic," she answered coldly. "Some Chancellors are fiscal. This one is plain cheap." And she went on to document unerringly Healey's failure to deal with the facts.

Edward Heath became Prime Minister when Labor was upset in the 1970 election, and Thatcher was soon named Secretary of State for Education and Science, where she gained a reputation for toughness. While demanding more money for her department, she cut out free milk for elementary school children, thus earning the cruel sobriquet "Thatcher the Milk Snatcher." Heath had agreed to her appointment only because he felt it was good politics to have a woman in the Cabinet. "The chemistry between them was not good," recalls a Cabinet colleague.

After Labor twice defeated the Tories in the 1974 elections, Heath's leadership came under sharp attack, especially from his party's right wing. The two leading rightist candidates, Sir Keith Joseph and Edward Du Cann, declined to run for the leadership, while Heath could not make up his mind whether to fight or resign. Backed by Joseph, Norman St. John-Stevas, a Tory intellectual, and Airey Neave, who became her campaign manager and one of her closest advisers,* Thatcher stepped boldly into the arena. At a party caucus on Feb. 11, 1975, she defeated the acknowledged favorite, William Whitelaw, 146 to 79, thus becoming the first woman in history to lead a major British political party.

Thatcher immediately made it clear that there would be nothing demure or retiring about her leadership. In her words: "I am not a consensus politician. I am a

conviction politician." Before Thatcher's victory last week, onetime rival Whitelaw declared: "She is a brilliant leader of the opposition, the best in a long, long time." Privately, however, some of her colleagues are more critical. Says one senior Tory: "She can be very petulant when up against criticism. When she gets into an argument she talks all the time. Talk. Talk. Talk. Because of this she is not a very good chairman." She can be scornful of those who are not tough in either performance or philosophy, reserving for them her ultimate pejorative, "wet," which in her lexicon is an accusation of gutlessness.

Unlike a U.S. President, a British Prime Minister is the first among supposed equals in the Cabinet.

Cajolery is as vital a quality as conviction, and some Tories wonder whether Thatcher has the skills necessary to keep dissident ministers in line. Because of her authoritarian air, she sometimes appears to be rather like a headmistress dealing sternly with rowdy students. In discussions around the shadow cabinet table, says one associate, "she can be very sharp, steely in cutting somebody short if she has lost interest in what is being said."

Despite the rhetorical force of her convictions, some Tory colleagues accuse her of inconsistency. Says one prospective Cabinet appointee: "You cannot predict from one set of convictions what her views would be on another series of topics. Often her views do not add up to a single position. She tends to keep her opinions in separate compartments." And, he adds, "there is an element of impetuosity of judgment, which might result from being a woman."

Many of Thatcher's colleagues believe that the experience of being Prime Minister will temper her Iron Lady toughness. If nothing else, she will have to deal with several influential senior Tories who are determined to moderate her more radical



Margaret at work as research chemist (1950)
The guarantee of a job.



Denis and his bride at their wedding (1951)

The provision for security.

*Neave, later shadow spokesman for Northern Ireland, was assassinated last March by an offshoot of the Irish Republican Army; a bomb planted in his car exploded as he drove out of the Parliament garage.

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Time can be beautiful

World

ical views. "What will stop her behaving in a grandiose manner on the world stage is our economic situation," says one of them. But that is unlikely to prevent her from lecturing her counterparts in Western Europe. ("God help them," says one colleague.) Another potential Cabinet member sums her up: "She is a powerful lady, but manageable by her colleagues. They believe they can keep her from lurching too far right."

Britain's new Conservative government will not be an easy partner for the Carter Administration. Carter enjoyed a close, almost familial relationship with Callaghan, who was something of a "political uncle" to the President. For their first official meeting, Callaghan brought Carter a bolt of cloth for a suit in which pinstripes were made of tiny J.C.s, their common initials. It is not likely that Carter and Thatcher will develop an equally close relationship. "Margaret will start off despising Jimmy Carter," conceded one top Tory, "but responsibility will mellow her." There will be no lessening of Britain's commitment to friendship with the U.S., but the Tories will not supply the automatic support for Carter's foreign policy that was a special hallmark of the Callaghan government.

Thatcher shares a fear widespread among Tories that in pursuing SALT Carter has lost sight of the global Soviet threat. An early test for the Anglo-American alliance may come over Zimbabwe-Rhodesia. Many Tories favor recognition of the new biracial government headed by Bishop Abel Muzorewa. It is unlikely, though, that the Thatcher government would move to recognize the new Zimbabwe-Rhodesian regime prior to the August meeting of the Commonwealth Conference in Zambia.

Although cuts in public spending will be a Tory hallmark, this will not apply to defense. Thatcher wants to improve Britain's nuclear deterrent force, which currently consists of four British-built submarines carrying Polaris A-3 missiles. The Conservatives want to expand the fleet to six, each carrying advanced Trident missiles bought from the U.S. Thatcher is so concerned over growing Soviet power that Tory strategists have considered the formation of a joint U.S.-European fleet based on the island of Diego Garcia in the Indian Ocean.

Committed to ties with both the U.S. and Europe, but without any special affection for either, Thatcher in effect is something of a "British Gaullist." She would like to move away from European economic and monetary union but toward a single foreign and defense policy for the European Community. Although Thatcher is personally a strong backer of Israel, Tory policy is likely to be more pro-Arab than under Callaghan. There are also strong indications that Thatcher will promptly authorize the sale of 250 or so Harrier jet fighters to China, a move that

will both outrage the Soviets and disturb the U.S., by increasing Soviet fears of a possible Indo-Western military alliance.

It is in domestic policy, however, that Thatcher's government will differ most from its predecessor. In essence, her aim is to point Britain back toward a market economy by dismantling much of the apparatus of government controls and regulation built since the end of World War II. The means have already been made clear: curbing public expenditure, restoring personal incentives by cutting the income tax (a prohibitive 83% at the highest level of earned income), removing such restraints on private enterprise as wage and price guidelines and foreign exchange controls, redressing the balance of power between the unions and the rest of society by correcting the most flagrant abuses of organized labor.

Thatcher and her economic advisers are determined to reduce Britain's bud-

get deficit by cutting public spending back by \$9 billion. One area in which they hope to make substantial cuts is government support for industry. The Tories will not use the taxpayers' money to prop up ailing companies and industries—not even nationalized ones. Thatcher would like to return a number of nationalized industries to the private sector, but in light of their unprofitability, there would be few takers. Instead, she may try to introduce minority private shareholders into such government-owned enterprises as the British Steel Corp. and British Airways.

Just as it was for Labor, reducing inflation—currently around 10%—is a high-priority goal for the Tories. Thatcher is committed to free collective bargaining—meaning that there will be no attempt to impose a ceiling on pay rises sought by the unions. If heart conquered head, a Thatcher government would almost certainly welcome a showdown with the unions. But even the angriest Tories remember that Ted Heath's battle with the mine workers over his wage-restraints policy led to his defeat in the 1974 elec-

tions. Thus the new government's approach to industrial relations is likely to be more cautious than the campaign rhetoric. Instead of focusing on comprehensive legislation, the Tories will concentrate on outlawing specific abuses, like the picketing of businesses not directly involved in strikes, that irked many union moderates. The go-slow policy will appeal to middle-of-the-road Tories, who feel that an all-out attack on the unions will only make labor leaders and the rank and file more radical than they are today.

Even as the votes were being counted, Thatcher was given unmistakable warnings that her approach to the labor union issue might be the test of how long a honeymoon her new government would have. One of Britain's most respected business leaders, Sir Barrie Heath (no kin to Ted), advised the new Conservative government "not to rush in and try to



Thatcher conferring with Edward Heath at Conservative Party conference in 1970

She had a reputation for toughness, but their chemistry was not good.

bring in laws to restrict the unions. Such a course of action would be the death knell for British industry." The same day, Thatcher got a strong message from Terry Duffy, a moderate who heads the huge (1.2 million members) Amalgamated Union of Engineering Workers. Callaghan and the Trades Union Congress had worked out a "concordat" that laid down guidelines for wage claims and union self-discipline on wildcat strikes. That agreement, announced Duffy, was now a "dead document."

For the first time in five years, Britain has a majority government that appears capable of ruling the country for a full five-year term. That electoral stability allows Thatcher to confront the unions head-on—if she so chooses. The big question facing Britain now is whether the determined Iron Lady, having gained the pinnacle of political success, will act according to the sharp words that sometimes marked her campaign rhetoric, or the conciliatory ones of St. Francis that she quoted so movingly on the doorstep of No. 10.

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Sir Keith Joseph



Sir Geoffrey Howe



John Nott



Humphrey Atkins



James Prior

Maggie's Mixed Team

Monetarist visionaries and moderate brakes

With her visceral "conviction politics," Margaret Thatcher sometimes comes across as a right-wing ideologue, but she is far too savvy to build a government in her own image. For one thing, Britain's new Prime Minister is enough of a realist to recognize that a Cabinet stacked with right-wingers would be as divisive for the country as it would be for her own broad-based party. For another, she needs and wants experienced lieutenants, which means re-enlisting a number of proven moderates from Edward Heath's 1970-74 administration.

Accordingly, the new Tory government she named on Saturday emerged as a diverse team ranging across a wide political spectrum. To be sure, a number of relatively unknown conservatives who make up Thatcher's "inner team" won places in the government. But many top jobs went to relatively liberal party veterans who have reservations about Thatcher's attitudes and judgment, and who will act as a brake on some of her more abrasive economic, social and foreign policy views.

The man that many regard as "Margaret's mentor," brilliant, brooding Sir Keith Joseph, 61, proved too controversial to be kept too close to her side. A cerebral, Oxford-educated Jewish businessman, Joseph more than anyone else has been responsible for the Tories' monetarist vision of an unfettered economy. Joseph has been accused of insensitivity toward the poor—he once claimed that what Britain needed was "more millionaires and more bankrupts"—and even some Tories characterize him as a "mad monk." Sir Keith readily admits the failings that have made him a bogeyman to the left. "I know I have a first-class mind," he once said, "but I have no political judgment whatsoever." Thus, despite his powerful influence on Thatcher, he was given the relatively minor Cabinet post of Minister for Industry.

In the vital area of economic policy,

which she rightly judges will make or break her government, Thatcher will rely heavily on very trusted aides who share Joseph's fiscal views. Sir Geoffrey Howe, 52, a former left-wing Tory long since converted to tight money and tax cuts, became Chancellor of the Exchequer. John Nott, 47, a tough Cornishman once fired by Heath as too inflexible, became Secretary for Trade and Prices. John Biffen, 48, a deceptively shy but zealous right-wing purist and nationalistic opponent of the Common Market, was named Chief Secretary of the Treasury, in effect, director of the budget. Thatcher's one concession to the moderates on the economic front: confirming James Prior, 51, as Employment Secretary. A ruddy Suffolk farmer and most prominent of the so-called Tory social democrats, Prior has carefully tried to build "bridges toward the unions."

High visibility as Deputy Prime Minister and Home Secretary went to William Whitelaw, 60, a senior Tory moderate. The big (6 ft. 2 in.) and bighearted former Secretary for Northern Ireland is the Tories' genial, Scottish aristocratic answer to Jim Callaghan. Though intensely loyal to Thatcher, he has nonetheless been able to temper her views on such key issues as immigration, the death penalty and trade union reform. Unlike Thatcher, Whitelaw has an emotional attachment to the "special relationship" with the U.S., which dates back to World War II, when he fought alongside American forces as a decorated officer in the elite Scots Guards.

Thatcher gave the prized Foreign and Defense portfolios to two experienced and highly respected centrists. Both are blue-blooded Etonians and both, like Whitelaw, are strongly pro-European and pro-American. The Foreign Secretary is Lord Peter Carrington, 59, a witty, flexible former Defense Secretary and Energy Secretary under Heath, who is well acquainted with world leaders from Carter to Brezhnev and whose views on Rhodesia,

for example, are probably closer to Callaghan's than Thatcher's. Defense went to the shadow Foreign Secretary, Francis Pym, 57, the popular presumptive heir to Thatcher as leader of the party. A direct descendant of the John Pym who aided Cromwell in the struggle against King Charles I, he is liberal on most domestic issues but closely attuned to Thatcher's hawkish foreign views. The even trickier job of Secretary for Northern Ireland, however, was given to a Thatcher partisan, Humphrey Atkins, 56, who was Conservative chief whip in opposition and one of her earliest party supporters.

The prestigious post of majority floor leader in the Commons went to Norman St. John-Stevens (pronounced *Singe-an Steve-az*), 49, a Roman Catholic bachelor, a stylishly provocative essayist and a noted Bloomsbury wit. He is the Tories' resident eccentric (on his bedroom wall hangs a black stocking once worn by Queen Victoria).

Other notable centrists were also included. The shadow Defense Secretary, Sir Ian Gilmour, 52, a tall, gaunt, middle-of-the-road advocate of "consensus" rather than "conviction" politics, moved to the Foreign Office as Deputy Secretary; he will speak on foreign affairs in the House of Commons while Carrington sits in the House of Lords. Peter Walker, 47, a former boy wonder in the Heath administration, became Minister for Agriculture. David Howell, 43, another youthful comer from the Heath era, was named Secretary for Energy.

The irony was that it was a largely "Heath" Cabinet—without Heath. Thatcher's defeated party rival had loyally campaigned hard for the Tory cause but without once mentioning her name. He had been considered for the possible post of Secretary for European Affairs, but wanted a top job such as Treasury or the Foreign Office, or nothing. In the end, nothing is what he got.

Her own precedent notwithstanding, Thatcher named only one woman to the government—Sally Oppenheim, 48, as Minister for Consumer Affairs—and was expected to add only one or two others to equally junior positions.



William Whitelaw



Lord Carrington



Francis Pym



Norman St. John-Stevens



Sally Oppenheim



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World

IRAN

Death of an Ayatullah

Khomeini's "son" is killed

It was 10:30 p.m. in Tehran, and Ayatullah Morteza Motahhari, one of Iran's leading Islamic theologians, was leaving a home where he had been conferring with Prime Minister Mehdi Bazargan. Behind the holy man, out of the shadows, stepped two gunmen. Motahhari never saw them. A single shot rang out, and he fell mortally wounded with a bullet through the back of his head. His killers fled.

It was not the first assassination of an important figure since the Shah's ouster three months ago. Two weeks earlier Major General Mohammed Vali Gharani, who was army chief of staff briefly under the revolutionary government, had been shot down outside his home by three unknown attackers. But Motahhari's killing was especially ominous, since he was a member of the Revolutionary Council, a group of clergymen and other figures who report to the revolution's spiritual leader, Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini, and the provisional government of Prime Minister Bazargan. The names of the members of the Revolutionary Council have never been revealed for fear of endangering their lives.

Next day an obscure group called Forghan sent a letter to a Tehran newspaper



Motahhari shortly before assassination

At the heart of the revolution.

saying it had killed the Ayatullah. Government officials later confirmed that Motahhari had been a council member. Although little was known about Forghan, a Persian word that is both a synonym for the Koran and a term for something that separates right from wrong, the group purports to oppose the growing power of the Islamic clergy. Post-assassination leaflets distributed by the group deplored the rise of "akhoundism," a term meaning government by the mullahs.

The government, for its part, said that the assassination was an attack on the

very heart of the revolution—and some blamed the Communists. Motahhari was the author of several theological textbooks widely used in Iran, and like most Shi'ite leaders he shared Khomeini's views of Islam as a political religion. A day of mourning was proclaimed, and he was honored as a martyr. After a huge funeral procession in the holy city of Qum, where Motahhari had taught at the Faizieh School, one of Iran's leading theological colleges, Khomeini mourned him as "my son, who represented the fruit of my whole life."

Iran's Foreign Minister Ibrahim Yazdi, the onetime Houston microbiologist who has emerged as a key figure in the revolutionary government, dismisses the Forghan charge of too much akhoundism in Iran. In an interview with TIME last week (see box), he charged that such accusations are part of the strategy of the government's enemies, which is "to frustrate the revolution through protracted psychological warfare."

Criticism of the regime seems to be rising at both extremes of Iran's political spectrum. Hours before Motahhari's murder, 200,000 demonstrators, most of them leftists, joined in a May Day march in Tehran to protest high unemployment and the stagnation of the country's economy. Trying to cool tempers, Islamic leaders called on all Iranians to exercise "revolutionary patience" and cautioned against "professional, foreign-led agitators and antirevolutionaries."

"Difficult to Forget"

As a top aide to Ayatullah Khomeini and an 18-year resident of the U.S., Iran's Foreign Minister, Ibrahim Yazdi, has a unique perspective on his country's revolution. Last week he shared his views with TIME's Tehran bureau chief, Bruce van Voorst.

Yazdi warns that the U.S. record as "one of the full supporters of the Shah" has posed a serious problem in relations between Tehran and Washington. Iran's new government, he says, "cannot avoid the conclusion that Americans have been involved in each killing, torture and case of corruption" in the past. Iranians "do not have bad intentions [against Americans], but it is very difficult for them to forget."

If relations are to improve, says Yazdi, "it is up to the U.S. to change," not Iran. If anti-Americanism has become a persistent theme in Tehran today, "it is because Zionism is so closely interwoven" with U.S. policy. Israel is "the greatest loser as a result of the Iranian revolution," he says. "They lost their best base in the Middle East. The Shah gave them everything they wanted."

Iran now intends to follow a policy of non-alignment, or what Yazdi describes as "positive neutrality." Tehran, he explains, will be "neutral in the quarrel between the superpowers, but also positive in that we shall not isolate ourselves. Who-

ever is ready to support our cause will have friendly relations with us."

Islam's political dominance in Iran is perfectly natural, says Yazdi. "Secularism does not have any place in Islam," he notes. However, he denies the domination of Bazargan's provisional government by the Islamic Revolutionary Council. "The provisional government is no less Islamic than the council, which acts as an interim parliament. I look on Khomeini not as a theologian, as you call him, but as a revolutionary leader. Khomeini is at the helm of our revolution, just as Mao was at that of the Chinese."

The revolution now has two kinds of opponents, he says. On one side are those he describes as "part of the plot against the government," including not only rightists but also far leftists. "We have drawn a clear line between our Islamic ideology and that of the Marxists," Yazdi says.

The second group of opponents of the revolution includes those "who are bitter and bankrupt, who after six months of strikes cannot support their families. They are easy targets of agitation." To this group, Yazdi says, "we try to explain that problems cannot be corrected overnight."

The need for institutionalized government and politics will be satisfied soon, he maintains. A draft constitution is to be published in a week or two; a constituent assembly will be convened to approve it, then elections will be held. "After that," Yazdi says, "the provisional government will hand everything over to the new government and say goodbye."



Ibrahim Yazdi



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World

AFGHANISTAN

Where War Is Like "a Good Affair"

The rebels are many in Tarakiland, and so are their causes

As the post-revolution turmoil went on in Iran, another rebellion with Islamic roots continued to gather force next door. In Afghanistan, the militantly pro-Moscow government of President Noor Mohammed Taraki is bitterly opposed by some tribesmen and mullahs who believe that the "democratic republic" he is building has put their customs and their Muslim heritage in jeopardy. Reflecting the Kremlin's concern about the troubles afflicting Kabul's new rulers only 13 months after a left-wing military coup put them in power, *Pravda* has declared the rebels to be "gangs of saboteurs and terrorists sent from the outside" and trained by the U.S., China and Egypt. For a firsthand look at how the regime and the rebellion are faring, *TIME* Correspondent David DeVoss spent five days touring the mountainous Texas-size land. His report:

My passport had just been stamped at the customs house at the Khyber Pass on the border with Pakistan when the shooting began. "It's the Muslim fanatics!" cried the Afghan immigration official, as he dived for cover into a pile of crumpled visa forms. Outside, border guards with flapping puttees, braying donkeys, and assorted smugglers and baggage handlers churned about in confusion. Quiet soon returned, but the rebels had made their point. "Very, very bad this jihad [holy war]," a local tea vendor muttered. "The *mujahidin* are everywhere."

The *mujahidin*, which in Afghanistan's Dari language means roughly "holy warriors," are armed mainly with shotguns and ancient Enfield rifles, and thus are no match for the Taraki regime's Soviet-equipped 80,000-man army. But the rebellion has spread to 15 of the coun-

try's 28 provinces, and while guerrilla activity is most intense in the remote areas bordering on Iran in the west and Pakistan in the east, the regime has been forced to tighten security everywhere. Foreign diplomats in Kabul reckon that more than 12,000 political prisoners have been jailed. Major intersections in the capital, where an 11 p.m. curfew is in effect, are patrolled by soldiers, and the country's few highways are under heavy guard; eight police checkpoints dot the 115-mile route from the Khyber Pass to Kabul. Where the rebellion really flourishes is in the rugged narrow canyons of rural Afghanistan. There a single rifleman can hold off an infantry battalion.

In some provinces, especially where the government's political operatives have been tortured and killed by rebellious villagers, MiGs have been sent in on retaliatory bombing raids. But after dark, the *mujahidin* rule the rebel areas. "Our men bring their guns down from the mountains after the sun sets," says Abdur Rahim, a former government bureaucrat who now coordinates rebel activities out of Peshawar, a provincial capital in the northwest. "The war is like a good love af-

fair. All the action happens at night."

Afghanistan is one of the least governable countries around. Its 16 million people are divided into more than 20 different ethnic groups; most of them lead nomadic, pastoral lives that have not changed much for centuries. Indeed, the only things that most Afghans seem to share, besides deep poverty and one of the world's highest illiteracy rates (80%), are an ancient legacy of violence passed on by transient conquerors and a powerful devotion to Islam. What order has existed has been imposed mainly by feudal landlords and the local mullahs.

The rebellion was touched off by well-intentioned reforms that the Taraki regime said would end "exploitation of man by man" in Afghanistan. To many Afghans, especially those in rural areas, the reforms were too much, too soon. When the regime banned the traditional marriage payments and large cash dowries, it wiped out what many Afghans regard as their country's equivalent of Social Security. Though the government said it would slice up large landholdings and parcel them out to peasants in 2½-acre lots, some of the best land has not been redistributed. The government also abolished the usury system under which moneylenders kept peasants in perpetual debt by forcing them to borrow against future crops; yet, no new method of crop finance-



Insurgents in action: brandishing a Kalashnikov rifle; on downed Soviet-supplied helicopter (top); with captured Soviet-made weapon

To those who found their traditions imperiled, the folks who promised to end "exploitation of man by man" promised trouble.

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World

ing was substituted, and as a result many peasants have had no money to buy seed. Fathers have rebelled against new rules requiring school attendance for their daughters; the mullahs, who have long functioned as judges as well as holy men, are angered by the regime's assertion that while Islam will remain the state religion, the civil government will henceforth administer the law.

What keeps the rebellion spreading is resentment about the growing Soviet presence in Afghanistan. Over the past year, Kabul has signed 29 agreements with Moscow, involving more than \$104 million in aid, and the corps of Soviet "advisers" has burgeoned along with the deals. Though Taraki insists that there are only 900 Soviets in the country, diplomats in Kabul put the total at about four times that. In Jalalabad, a market town east of Kabul, Soviet military advisers are driven about in motorcycle sidecars. In a Kabul suburb where 600 Soviets live in an apartment complex, many stores label their wares in Russian as well as in Dari.

Resentment of the regime and the big Soviet presence flared dramatically in Herat (pop. 100,000), a provincial capital 400 miles west of Kabul. One morning thousands of peasants took over the city's downtown bazaar wearing green Muslim flags and carrying wooden sticks and iron bars. Some tanks appeared, and what became a battle lasting several days for control of the city was on. All told, an estimated 8,000 civilians lost their lives, some of them in air attacks, before government forces quelled the uprising. During the fighting, Afghan rebels methodically rounded up Soviets in the area and killed a number of them. Says one employee with the American Aid mission in Herat: "It was very brutal. They went for the ears first, then the nose, then the genitals."

Taraki, 62, a sometime journalist who heads Afghanistan's Khalq (People's) Party, does not have backtracking; some diplomats in Kabul believe his supporters in the military and among Afghanistan's small educated class number only 2,500 people. Yet the regime shows no sign of bending its rigid Marxist principles. While Taraki professes "full respect for holy Islam," his Prime Minister, Hafizullah Amin, angrily blames the bloodletting on the meddling of "imperialist lackeys from Iran and Pakistan."

Taraki and Amin are not the first reformers who have tried to tame Afghanistan. A half-century ago, King Amanullah launched a crash modernization effort that had some similarities to the Taraki program. But in 1929, after he had been on the throne only ten years, a civil war broke out and Amanullah went into exile, effectively ending his rule and the modernization drive. It is a chapter of Afghan history that the country's present rulers doubtless remember all too well. ■



Labor Reform Commission Chief Nicholas Wiehahn at his desk in Pretoria

SOUTH AFRICA

Labor Reforms

Pretoria's modest proposals

South Africa last week announced a set of proposals for improving the rights of at least some of the country's 7.5 million black workers. Among the provisions: permitting most black workers to join officially recognized labor unions; encouraging employers to pay black and white employees the same wages; integrating company cafeterias and washrooms; doing away with the practice of reserving certain categories of jobs for whites only.

The proposals, which must be debated in the all-white South African Parliament but are almost certain to become public policy, are the product of a government-appointed commission on labor reform headed by Nicholas Wiehahn, a labor law expert who once worked on the railways as an apprentice stoker—a job that has always been reserved for whites. The government hopes the proposals will be seen as evidence that South Africa is pushing its labor practices more into line with those being urged on foreign companies there by the Common Market and by the U.S.'s Rev. Leon Sullivan, the General Motors director who has drawn up a list of fair labor practices that many American firms in South Africa have agreed to follow. To judge by the angry reaction of several of South Africa's white labor leaders, the Wiehahn proposals must seem fairly far reaching. Wessel Bornman, chief secretary of the all-white 38,000-member Iron, Steel and Allied Industries Union, denounced them as "a slap in the face of every white worker in the country and the biggest embarrassment to white unions in the history of South Africa."

Well, not really, for the proposals

amounted to a good deal less than met the eye. In the first place, the right of membership in labor unions will not apply to the country's 2 million "non-resident" black workers, a group that includes not only those from neighboring countries but also those whose legal residence is in the country's artificially created "tribal homelands." Moreover, no all-white unions will be required to take in black members, and no employers will be obliged to pay blacks and whites equally or to integrate company facilities if they do not care to do so. The wishes of the employers, said Minister of Labor Stephanus P. Botha, "will have to be respected."

As for the practice of reserving certain jobs for whites, this had been breaking down significantly anyway during an era in which unemployment among whites was virtually nonexistent and approached 20% among blacks in urban areas. Employers have long made a practice of hiring Africans for jobs theoretically reserved for whites because no white applicants were available; the job in question would simply be listed as "painter's assistant" rather than painter, or "woodworker" instead of carpenter.

But the new provisions are still important. As Dr. Nthato Motlana, a community leader in the African township of Soweto, outside Johannesburg, puts it, "The principle underlying the proposals is commendable. But there has been no suggestion that discrimination in industry should be outlawed." Without that, he added, "all the fine intentions will mean nothing." In effect, just about the only thing that will change is that employers who continue to pay their black employees less than whites for the same work, and who stick to the other traditions of apartheid, will no longer be able to justify their policies by saying that they were merely following the letter of the law. ■

World

BOTSWANA

Caught Smack in the Middle

How a small southern African country applies its survival skills

In the strife afflicting southern Africa, the little republic is something of an oddity. It is a place where a benign and popular government reigns over a modest society that is notably free of corruption, has never fought a war with its neighbors, never held a political prisoner, and does not bother to arm its police. Its currency is stable and its economy remarkably robust. It has a multiparty parliamentary system and is preparing to hold its fourth general election since it attained independence from Britain in 1966. The country is Botswana, and its state of health is all the more remarkable for the fact that it is encircled by the major states of conflict in the region: Rhodesia, South

allows the presence of several Rhodesian refugee camps on its territory. But it has refused to permit guerrilla movements to establish military bases there, lest this provoke Rhodesian government attack, and it does the best it can to send intruding guerrillas back across the Zambian and Rhodesian borders.

The attempts at neutrality have worked reasonably well, but at quite a price. The growing warfare has caused Botswana to create its own 2,000-man defense force; the \$25 million start-up cost is a heavy burden for a nation whose total population is a mere 780,000. Last year, in the most serious incident to date, a

The man who is leading Botswana through this diplomatic minefield is Sir Seretse Khama, 57, the country's first and only President and the grandson of Khama the Great, one of the tribal chieftains who sought neutrality under Queen Victoria's protection a century ago. Sir Seretse suffers from diabetes and a weak heart, but these ailments have not prevented him from giving Botswana steady leadership. Says a friend: "Khama has been weak from the day he was born, but he always seems strong when we need him."

Despite the tension on its borders, Botswana has remained markedly free of both tribal and racial strife. Khama, who was once banned from his homeland af-



Lord Mayor of London welcomes Sir Seretse Khama (center) and Wife Lady Ruth

"Our future depends on whether sanity prevails in the region."

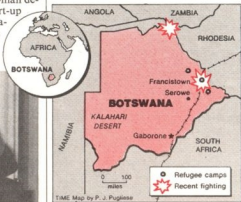
Africa, Namibia (South West Africa), Angola and Zambia.

What is Botswana's secret? "We allow free entry to politics from the East, aid from the West, and food from the South," says a white senior civil servant. By this he means that Botswana has diplomatic relations with China and the Soviet Union, accepts financial assistance from the U.S. and Western Europe, and still has close trade connections with South Africa. Botswana does not maintain diplomatic ties with either Salisbury or Pretoria, but its territory is traversed by a Rhodesian-owned railway, and its economy, which revolves around diamond, copper and zinc mining and cattle ranching, is completely dominated by South Africa.

Botswana also remains an active member of the "front-line" African states that have been pressing for a black nationalist government in Rhodesia, and it

band of Rhodesian government commandos opened fire on a Botswana army convoy and killed 15 recruits; they were the first Botswana soldiers ever to die in an African war. The incident set off a wave of anger throughout the country. Last month the Rhodesians carried out a commando raid 45 miles inside Botswana's territory, destroying a guerrilla office.

As if the Rhodesian attacks were not bad enough, Botswana is also vulnerable to raids by South African security forces against any South African guerrillas who might be passing through Botswana territory. Summing up this welter of problems, a ranking Botswana official told TIME Johannesburg Bureau Chief William McWhirter: "Our future depends on whether sanity prevails in the region. If it doesn't, we may soon be in a position where all the parties say, 'He who is not with us is against us.'"



ter his marriage in 1948 to a white Englishwoman, Ruth Williams, a former London secretary, has had much to do with maintaining this harmonious atmosphere.

In his government there are refreshingly few bodyguards and black Mercedes limousines; most of the Cabinet ministers drive pickup trucks, since they tend to be farmers. Under Khama's leadership, the country's economic planning is so rigidly controlled that no expenditures for approved projects are permitted until the funds have been raised. Thanks to this careful management, and greatly aided by the country's mining industry, Botswana's economy is roaring along with a growth rate of 25% a year, one of the highest in the world. Per capita income has risen from \$180 in 1972 to \$480 last year, and the country's foreign exchange reserves have doubled to \$150 million in the past two years.

Botswana has never tried to conceal its heavy dependence on its trade links with Pretoria. "There is still only one way in and one way out," says a member of the government. And South Africa never lets Botswana forget this basic fact. Indeed, this is one reason Khama's government is so deeply committed to the cause of peace in the region. Once the fighting stops in Rhodesia, Botswana can begin to build new trade routes to Zambia, Namibia and even the new Zimbabwe-Rhodesia, thereby reducing its dependence on South Africa for access to the world. ■

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World

ITALY

Roman Outrage

The brigatisti strike again

Nothing so infuriates Italy's terrorists as the spectacle of the democratic process at work. Just as the campaign for the country's early June parliamentary elections was beginning, the ruthless Red Brigades staged their most spectacular urban guerrilla attack since their abduction and murder of former Premier Aldo Moro last spring. Striking in the heart of Rome, a band of as many as 20 *brigatisti* swarmed into the district headquarters of the ruling Christian Democratic Party not far from such tourist attractions as Piazza Navona and Via Condotti.

The raiders handcuffed seven party staffers and smashed furniture. After planting five homemade bombs, three of which later exploded, they opened fire on three policemen making a check of the area. One of the officers was killed instantly and the other two were wounded. The terrorists then made a clean getaway.

On one wall in the wrecked offices, the *brigatisti* left behind a spray-painted slogan: TRANSFORM THE FRAUDULENT ELECTIONS INTO A CLASS STRUGGLE. There was little doubt that they intended to keep on raising havoc right through the six-week campaign. Next day Christian Democratic offices and leaders were attacked in Naples, Genoa and Rome.

But the violence is not likely to produce the result that the Red Brigades seek. At week's end, every major Italian party, including the Communists, joined in a Rome rally to demonstrate solidarity against political violence and a determination to try to end Italy's raging epidemic of terrorism. So far this year, the tally of terrorist acts, from bombings to kidnappings to bank heists, stands at an astonishing 865 incidents.



Police helping terrorist victim
All to disrupt an election.



Soldier guarding polling place. Inset: new President Roldós

ECUADOR

The Generals Opt for Democracy

Quito's junta will bow out, but wants "extremes" avoided

It was a rare event for South America, where today elected governments rule in only two of eleven nations, Venezuela and Colombia. Under the gaze of soldiers posted to ward off violence, 1.6 million Ecuadorians went to the polls last week for the first time in eleven years to select the leaders of their small (pop. 7.5 million) Andean country. Their choice for President: Jaime Roldós Aguilera, 38, a mild-mannered populist lawyer who won by a smashing 2-to-1 ratio, despite a strong right-wing effort on behalf of his conservative opponent, former Quito Mayor Sixto Durán Ballén, 58.

Ecuador's return to democracy was closely watched in Bolivia and Peru, which also plan elections to replace military juntas. For a time, it seemed the vote in Ecuador might never take place. Fearing that Roldós, a protégé of Asaad Bucaram, an abrasive populist who founded the Concentration of Popular Forces Party (C.F.P.), would follow up his first-place finish in last summer's preliminary balloting with a victory, the military men who have ruled Ecuador since 1972 delayed the runoff for more than six months. That allowed the conservatives who opposed Roldós to mount a scare campaign that implied his election would turn Ecuador into a Marxist state like Salvador Allende's Chile.

The pudgy Roldós, a professor of law and former member of congress, promised that he would be "the force of change." Not a fiery speaker, his methodical rhetoric came across well on television broadcasts that played an important role in the campaign. Though married to Bucaram's niece, he distanced himself from his radical mentor by scrapping the

slogan he used last summer: ROLDÓS IN OFFICE, BUCARAM IN POWER. Roldós' moderate image won over the small but growing middle class. He gained the support of poor peasants and Indians (33% of the population) by pledging to include them in the modest prosperity produced by the export of oil and bananas.

Roldós avoided ruffling Ecuador's armed forces, proclaiming that he held them in "great respect." But he also decried the "vile assassination" of Abnón Calderón Muñoz, leader of the gadfly Radical Front Party, who was shot last fall in Roldós' home town of Quayaquil. Calderón's family has brought suit charging that ex-Interior Minister Bolívar Jarín Cañuehas was involved in the killing.

Roldós' victory reflected weariness with the junta, which had run into difficulty controlling corruption, inflation, budget deficits and Ecuador's foreign debt. With Washington's approval, the junta consulted with every political faction in drawing up a new constitution that will become effective on Aug. 10. One major change: literacy will be abolished as a requirement for voting, which will add as many as 1 million peasants to the electorate.

Despite the junta's apparent willingness to support a constitutional government, some of its members harbor lingering reservations. The junta says it seeks a "dialogue" with Roldós, and wants him to "clarify his political philosophy" before he takes office in August. The idea, explains Rear Admiral Victor Hugo Garcés, the Interior Minister, is to help the new President "not to go to any extremes." If the dialogue does not satisfy the generals, Ecuador's return to democracy could prove turbulent.



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World

GREENLAND

Here Comes Kalâtdlit-Nunât

The largest island gets semisovereignty from Denmark

After 258 years, home rule finally came to the world's largest island last week. Denmark's Queen Margrethe II and Prince Henrik made the five-hour flight from Copenhagen to Greenland's Søndre Strømfjord airport, helicoptered another two hours to Godthaab, the tiny (pop. 10,000) capital, and handed over the autonomy decree, bound in red leather, to the 21-member parliament. The royal couple then trudged through a May Day sleet storm to the 125-year-old Godthaab church for a short Lutheran service. After a Danish patrol boat boomed a 21-gun salute, Margrethe told Greenland's 50,000 people in a brief radio address that "you now hold the future in your own hands."

Denmark will retain control of defense and foreign affairs but trade, taxation and control of the fishing industry will be turned over to Greenland in stages by 1982. Full independence is not an issue, because one thing Greenlanders do not want to part with is their Danish subsidy, which now totals \$250 million annually. This far exceeds the \$100 million a year that the Greenlanders earn from fishing and mining (mainly zinc), and from such specialty exports as the ice cubes that are chopped from glaciers and sold in Denmark for status use in mixed drinks.

Greenland is beautiful but barren. Fifty times as big as Denmark, which has ruled it since 1721, it is 85% covered by an icecap up to two miles thick. The rest is rocky terrain virtually devoid of vegetation. On the shores, steep granite and basalt cliffs plunge into ice-choked fjords. Polar bears prowl the far north, reindeer roam the western coastal mountains, and a few hardy sheep are herded in the far south.

The Greenlanders, mostly of Eskimo descent and a few colonial Danes, live on the coastal fringes by hunting seals, fishing and shrimping, herding reindeer, or raising sheep. Uranium has been found in the south, and zinc is being mined at a site 350 miles north of the Arctic Circle. But Prime Minister Jonathan Motzfeldt, 40, a Lutheran pastor turned politician, says that sealing and fishing will remain the core of Greenland's economy. Says he: "We must look to the sea more than the land for our salvation."

The Norse explorer Eric the Red, who landed on the island in the 10th century, named the grim, gray island Greenland in hopes of luring settlers from Scandinavia and Iceland. By 1500 the climate had killed off Eric's heirs, leaving only the Eskimos who had migrated through the Arctic from Asia. Denmark colonized the island in the 18th century, and made it a Danish county in 1953;

discussions on home rule began in 1975.

Motzfeldt, who led "Greenland for Greenlanders" demonstrations in Copenhagen in the 1960s, demanded full control of all resources, known and undiscovered. The Danes were shocked, but eventually agreed in principle, although the exact scope of the resource rights remains to be spelled out. "We are satisfied so far," Motzfeldt told TIME Correspondent Lee Griggs in Godthaab. "But we will not be pushovers for outsiders, Danes included. It is an exciting time. We must develop a modern society without ruining our environment and way of life."

Motzfeldt, a seal hunter's son from Qassimiut, a southern settlement, sets the first priority as fishing rights. Greenlanders now have exclusive rights up to twelve

miles offshore, but Motzfeldt wants this extended to 100 miles. He threatens to pull out of the Common Market, to which Greenland reluctantly belongs through its link with Denmark, "if we do not get satisfaction" on fishing.

There are no plans to leave NATO. The U.S. maintains airbases at Thule and Søndre Strømfjord and operates four early warning radar stations that probe deep into the Soviet Union. Eventually, Motzfeldt says, Greenland will "press the Americans to pay a tax for polluting our country with their planes and disturbing our people and wildlife."

With the advent of home rule, Greenlandic, an Eskimo tongue, replaces Danish as the official language, and towns now have new names. Godthaab (Good Hope in Danish) becomes Nûk, which means Point, after the capital's peninsular location. Greenland is now Kalâtdlit-Nunât, or Land of the People. But new names do not solve old social problems, and Greenland's are serious.

One is alcoholism. The yearly consumption of hard liquor works out to 21 quarts for every man, woman and child; one in ten deaths is alcohol related, and job absenteeism is endemic. So grave is the situation that the parliament is planning to impose liquor rationing soon. Then there is venereal disease, which afflicts perhaps a third of the adults.

The island has just two native-born doctors and one dentist (as well as only three lawyers). Asked whether the alcohol and VD problems could be solved, one of the local doctors pondered and said, "Immaqa" (maybe). At the end of her home rule speech the Queen said: "Gûtip Kalâtdlit-Nunât sianigiliuk" (God bless Greenland). The islanders will need more than fond benedictions if they are to make a success of their semisovereign future.



Eric the Red taking control



Queen Margrethe and Prince Henrik at ceremonies granting limited home rule

Dump the Common Market if need be, but keep NATO and make those U.S. bases pay.

Time Essay

A New Distrust of the Experts

"Whenever the people are well informed, they can be trusted with their own government." Thomas Jefferson's axiom remains an indispensable premise of democracy. Yet the possibility of a sage and knowing public seems to be growing ever more elusive. Since the rise of science and technology as the commanding force in both government and social change, it has become harder and harder for most Americans to become really well informed on the problems they face as individuals or citizens. Such a trend is bound to raise questions about the future of popular rule.

Nowadays the very vocabulary of public discourse can be bewildering. Even to be half informed, the American-on-the-street must grasp terms like deoxyribonucleic acid, fantastic prospects like genetic engineering, and bizarre phenomena like nuclear meltdown. The technical face of things has driven some people into a bored sort of cop-out—"science anxiety," it is called by Physics Professor Jeffrey Mallow of Loyola University in Chicago. The predicament has made most Americans hostage to the superior knowledge of the expert: the scientist, the technician, the engineer, the specialist.

Society has grown so complicated that there is renewed interest in the possibility of a "science court" that might deal impartially with arcane controversy. It has grown so technical that some lawyers wonder whether ordinary electors can still adequately function as jurors. Says Attorney Gary Ahrens, a professor at the University of Iowa: "Practically nothing is commonsensical any more." Surely the spectacle of the public making decisions in semi-darkness is an affront to common sense.

Dependency on the experts seemed tenable in the more innocent era when science was viewed as a virtually infallible cornucopia of social goodies. Americans long clung to Virgil's ancient advice: "Believe an expert." Today, however, Americans are no longer willing to acquiesce gratefully in either the discoveries of science or their application. The citizen has rediscovered that the best of experts will now and then launch an unsinkable *Titanic*.

The public has needed no expertise to read about DDT, thalidomide and cyclamates, nor to learn that the DES that seemed a nifty preventive of miscarriage in the 1950s was being linked to cancer a generation later. The citizen's problem, at bottom, is how to assess the things that so often come forth in the beguiling guise of blessings. What to believe? Whom to trust? This is a recipe for public frustration.

The shadow of science falls across decisions common to daily existence. Is this medication safe? Is forgoing sugar worth the hazards of saccharin? Are the conveniences of the Pill worth raising the risk of circulatory disease? The uncertain answers come from product analysts, dietitians, pharmacists, lawyers, physicians. American society, as Federal Trade Commission Chairman Michael Pertschuk puts it, has become "dominated by professionals who call us 'clients' and tell us of our 'needs.'"

The biggest problem, however, is that the faith of the American people in the experts has been badly shaken. People have learned, for one thing, that certified technical gospel is far from immortal. Medicine changes its mind about tonsillectomies that used to be routinely

performed. Those dazzling phosphate detergents turn out to be anathema to the environment. Scarcely a week goes by without the credibility of one expert or another falling afoul of some spike of fresh news. (Just last week an array of nonprescription sedatives used by millions was linked, through the ingredient methapyrilene, to cancer.) Moreover, experts are constantly challenging experts, debating the benefits and hazards of virtually every technical thrust. Who knows anything for sure? Could supersonic aircraft truly damage the ozone? The technical sages disagree.

Thus the problems that the individual copes with as a private person are knotty enough; public issues have grown immeasurably more complex. Government has long since subsumed science and technology into its realm, both as the fountainhead of its projects and as an object of its regulation. The calculations that measure national military strength are as impenetrable to the civilian-on-the-street as the formulas of the ancient alchemists. The surreal arithmetic of SALT might as well be the music of the spheres, for all the help it gives ordinary folks trying to get a clear picture of the country's real and relative strengths. The nervous strategist is not the only one to covet verification; the common citizen could also use some.

Then, too, much information crucial to the personal and social decisions of citizens is methodically hidden or withheld. The scientific world has always tended to hoard lore on work in progress, and the Government's customary secrecy in military matters, intelligence and foreign affairs has spread to many parts of the bureaucratic and corporate spheres. The clandestine spirit that properly cloaked the devising of atomic weapons inevitably carried over to veil the development of nuclear power for civilian purposes.

The result of secrecy compounded by confusion and some startling ignorance was dramatized by the Three Mile Island nuclear power plant crisis. While the event made plain that Government and corporate experts had not quite leveled with the public about the hazards of nuclear power, it also proved, frighteningly enough, that the experts sometimes did not tell the whole story simply because they did not know it. Joseph M. Hendrie, chairman of the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, said of himself and other officials, as they tried to cope with an incipient meltdown: "We are operating... like a couple of blind men staggering around making decisions."

Intentional deception sometimes leaves the citizenry in a plight as awkward as Hendrie's. Last month a former ranking employee charged that the Hooker Chemicals and Plastics Corp. of Niagara Falls, N.Y., had kept workers in the dark about the hazards of toxic chemicals they dealt with. Federal atomic authorities, it was disclosed last month, were encouraged by President Dwight Eisenhower to confuse the public about the risks of radiation fallout during the atomic bomb tests in Nevada in the 1950s; Government officials refused to warn inhabitants of nearby regions that they were absorbing possibly lethal doses of radiation.

The citizenry's essential interest is not in knowledge *per se* but the social uses to which it is put. What is often kept from the citizen, in the form of knowledge, is social and political power. When demonstrations and controversies break out over



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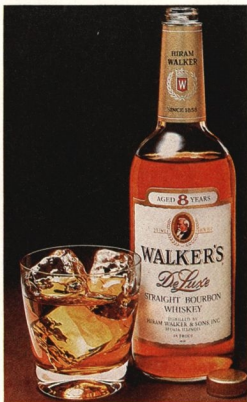
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Essay

seemingly esoteric technical questions, the underlying question, as Cornell University's Dorothy Nelkin puts it in a paper on "Science as a Source of Political Conflict," is always the same: "Who should control crucial policy choices?" Such choices, she adds, tend to stay in the hands of those who control "the context of facts and values in which policies are shaped."

On its face, the situation may help explain the mood of public disenchantment that has persisted long after the events—Viet Nam and Watergate—that were supposed to have caused it. Surely neither of those national traumas caused the drop of popular confidence in almost all key U.S. institutions that Pollster Louis Harris recently recorded. It also seems doubtful that either deprived the Administration's energy crusade of both popular support and belief. Could it be that many citizens simply feel foreclosed not only from knowledge but also from the power that knowledge would give them?

The public itself, it must be admitted, bears a fair share of responsibility for its dilemma. It has usually welcomed the advances and conveniences—swift travel, cheap energy, life-prolonging medication, magical cosmetics—and left itself no choice but to live with the inherent risks it does not so cheerfully accept. A completely risk-free society would be a dead society. In today's increasingly risk-shy atmosphere, the public may tend

to exaggerate some of the dangers at hand. Indeed, it may be swinging from too much awe of the "miracles" of science and technology to excessive skepticism about them. In reality, the public has always wanted to lean on the experts—until they have failed, or seemed to.

It is fair to suppose that even if the public had access to all knowledge about everything, there would still be a good deal of befuddlement and groping. Not many have the ability, energy and will to bone up on every issue. If it is reasonable for Americans to demand more candor, prudence—and humility—from the experts, it is also reasonable that the citizenry demand of itself ever greater diligence in using all available information, including journalism's increasingly technical harvest.

Plainly the citizen's plight is not subject to quickie remedy. Yet any solution would have to entail a shift in the relationship between the priests of knowledge and the lay public. The expert will have to play a more conscious role as citizen, just as the ordinary American will have to become ever more a student of technical lore. The learned elite will doubtless remain indispensable. Still, the fact that they are exalted over the public should not mean that they are excused from responsibility to it—not unless the Jeffersonian notion of popular self-rule is to be lost by default.

—Frank Trippett

Science

Further Fallout

And further lessons

More than a month after the nation's worst nuclear accident, at Pennsylvania's Three Mile Island Unit 2 reactor, the lessons and the consequences continued to be explored. Items:

► Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Joseph A. Califano Jr. backed away from his original estimate that the Harrisburg nightmare would cause no cancer deaths among the 2 million people living within a 50-mile radius of Three Mile Island. Appearing before Ohio Senator John Glenn's nuclear proliferation and energy subcommittee, Califano predicted at least one death and acknowledged that some scientific investigators were estimating up to ten deaths. The revision was necessary because it turns out that the initial levels of radiation released in the accident were higher than thought at the time.

► The Nuclear Regulatory Commission provided disturbing new details on the initial performance of Metropolitan Edison Co., the plant's beleaguered operator. Midway through the first critical day, the hot, uranium-filled core, normally bathed in pressurized cooling water, was left dangerously uncovered for as long as 50 minutes; controllers had shut off the emergency core cooling system, probably because of ambiguous or misleading instrument readings. It was during this period that much of the damage was done to the fuel rods, causing a release of radiation.

On that day there was also a small fire or explosion of hydrogen gas, created when the reactor's high temperatures dissociated the cooling water's molecules.



Califano (at right) with Senator John Glenn
Danger from the "hassle factor."

But the NRC team did not learn of it until two days later, the investigators disclosed, because of another snafu: harried by what one official called the "hassle factor," controllers had apparently rolled up a crucial recorder sheet at the height of the accident, thereby inadvertently concealing key information.

► The NRC admitted that it may have overestimated the seriousness of the large hydrogen bubble that formed in the reactor vessel. Despite that small explosion, investigators now believe there was never any danger of a bigger blast, which could have ruptured the reactor vessel and containment building, spreading deadly

radiation. The false alarm was caused by incorrect speculation about free oxygen in the vessel.

► NRC officials also said that radiation levels inside the containment building are now at least as high as 30,000 rems, enough to kill anyone who enters almost instantly, and possibly as high as 50,000. The latter reading may be erroneous—possibly due to a "hot" particle on one device. By the NRC's reckoning, almost all the core's fuel elements are damaged, and even more radioactive material is exposed. New target date for entering the building: at least a year from now.

► The National Academy of Sciences issued two statistics-laden reports on possible radiation hazards until the end of the 20th century. One study, titled "Risks Associated with Nuclear Power," while largely reassuring, estimates that some 2,000 Americans are likely to develop fatal cancers as a result of nuclear power in the period from 1975 to 2000. The second report, "Biological Effects of Ionizing Radiation," projects a death toll, from all kinds of radiation, of 220,000 Americans who are now alive. But half of these deaths would come from cosmic rays and other sources of natural background radiation, like coal and granite. Most of the rest would come from man-made sources other than nuclear power, like X rays. Said Physiologist Edward Radford, panel chairman: "I don't think that the present alarm about radiation is entirely justified." Indeed, five of the 16 panelists argued that present ideas on effects of low-level radiation—extrapolated from such high-radiation dosages as those suffered by Japanese A-bomb victims—are questionable and that the panel's conclusions are exaggerated. The deaths, they said, will be far fewer.

Energy

Drive Now, Freeze Later?

Supplies are down, tempers are up, and gas station lines come back

Pulling into a service station is beginning to seem like entering a combat zone. With more and more of the nation's 171,000 gas stations closing on weekends, shortening hours during the week, and cutting sales to \$5 per customer to stretch supplies, frazzled and angry drivers are starting to boil over.

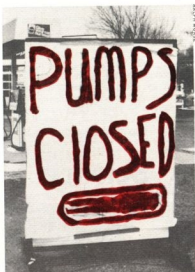
In Las Vegas, only ten of the city's more than 200 stations were open a week ago Sunday when scuffles and fistfights broke out at several of them as fuming vacationers waited for gasoline in lines that sometimes stretched for blocks. In California, where drivers are now lining up before dawn and service station operators grant appointments like doctors, a customer at a San Francisco self-service pump jumped to the head of the queue, then stabbed a man in line behind him who tried to protest. In Miami, some drivers tank up and roar off without paying when attendants turn their backs.

Tempers will flare even more in the weeks ahead. Tight supplies have already forced nearly all oil companies to allocate deliveries to their retail outlets on a monthly basis, usually 90% or 95% of what the stations sold during the same month of 1978. Last week Texaco, Sun oil, Union and Exxon tightened their allocations still further, in the case of Exxon to 80% of the 1978 level. Thus, as summer progresses, drivers will find it increasingly difficult to buy gas toward the end of each month as service stations run dry.

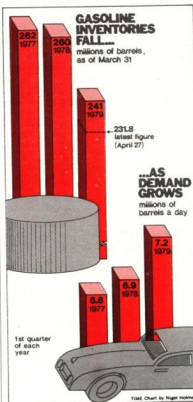
Warnings of a gasoline squeeze have been voiced repeatedly since last winter by everyone from oil executives to Jimmy Carter and Energy Secretary James Schlesinger, all of whom have urged the public to curb its driving and start conserving fuel. No one has paid much attention, and people seem instead to grow more convinced by the day that the shortages are part of a price-gouging hoax perpetrated by Big Oil.

The real and immediate reason why supplies are tight is that overall output by the 13-nation OPEC cartel, which produces nearly half the world's oil, has been cut by between 7% and 10% since December, when shipments from Iran first stopped. Now that Iran is back to exporting, at two-thirds normal capacity, Saudi Arabia, Libya, Kuwait and other oil states are reducing their own deliveries to keep the market tight.

Supplies are also being crimped because demand for petroleum continues to grow. Last year's momentary surplus brought on by increased output from the



Never on Sunday in Stratford, Conn.



North Sea and Alaska has been more than wiped out by rising consumption as well as OPEC's cutbacks. Steadily growing consumption of gasoline is causing most of the demand problem. Nearly 40% of all oil used in the U.S. goes for gasoline, and even though the price has almost doubled since 1973, the nation's 142 million motorists are burning it in record amounts. Not only have over 20 million new drivers streamed onto highways since 1973, but so have 24 million additional cars, trucks, campers, vans, Jeeps, dune buggies and other such toys for grownups.

Of the 154 million registered vehicles in the U.S., only passenger cars and light trucks must meet federal mileage standards. In the case of cars, the standards require each automaker's fleet to average 27.5 miles per gallon by 1985. So far, the phasing in of new, more fuel-efficient autos has boosted the average mileage of the nation's total fleet of 98 million passenger cars by a scant half a mile per gallon, to 14.35 m.p.g. But the size of the fleet itself continues to grow, so consumption goes up, not down. Officials at the Department of Energy and oil company planners contend that consumption will level out and begin to decline by 1982, but no one knows for sure.

Federal clean-air standards are making the squeeze worse, because they require that U.S. cars from 1975 onward must use unleaded gas. That fuel now accounts for four out of every ten gallons sold and is in the shortest supply of all. A refinery needs up to 10% more crude to make a gallon of unleaded than leaded gas, and demand for the product has far outstripped the industry's ability to keep pace by expanding refinery capacity to make it.

As consumption climbs, oil companies are having to dip deeper into their gasoline inventories, which have dropped by just over 10% since last spring. Home heating-oil stocks have declined by an even sharper 16%, and DOE officials are calling in company executives one by one and telling them bluntly to start rebuilding their heating-oil stocks immediately by a full 140 million bbl. in the next five months in order to prevent the Squeeze of 1979 from turning into the Freeze of 1980. The switchover is essential but could reduce gasoline production by as much as 8% between now and October.

With the pinch at the pump growing worse, Carter and Congress continue to struggle over just what sort of energy pol-



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Others talk of coal's problems: land disturbance, pollution. The energy crunch has lessened. North Slope oil is coming in. The East Coast's Baltimore Canyon looks interesting. New discoveries in nearby Mexico are big. Even China may offer possible low cost supplies. Deep sea areas, polar regions are as yet largely unexplored. We hear "No need to stampede. There's oil aplenty."

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Energy

icy is best for the nation. The House Commerce Committee came within a single vote of approving a bill that, if later accepted by the full Congress, would have stopped the President from phasing out domestic crude-oil price controls beginning next month.

Decontrol is almost certain to take place, in spite of growing House opposition. Congress would quickly have to pass a new law to prevent the President from authorizing it, and decontrol is generally supported in the Senate. But Carter's request for stand-by pow-

ers to ration gasoline is in trouble.

No such problems face a fellow who may well challenge Carter for the Democratic presidential nomination next year. Governor Jerry Brown announced that California will set up its own emergency gasoline rationing program this week. Counties that choose to participate will restrict gasoline sales on alternate days to cars with license plates that end in either odd or even numbers. So-called vanity plates with names, messages or risqué puns spelled out in letters instead of numbers will be considered odd in any case. ■

Big Oil Bummer

Charges of overcharging

For nearly two years, federal investigators have been probing overpricing in the oil industry, and last week they made their biggest charges yet. Even as the General Accounting Office was leaking a report criticizing the Department of Energy for foot dragging in its petroprobes of smaller middlemen, DOE was accusing seven of the largest oil companies of overcharging refineries by \$1.7 billion since 1973. The alleged method: selling petroleum at far higher prices than permitted under domestic crude-oil controls.

The major offenders, according to DOE, were Texaco, which is accused of some \$888 million in overpricing, and Gulf Oil, with \$578 million. Behind them came Standard Oil of California, Atlantic Richfield, Marathon Oil, Standard of Indiana and Standard of Ohio.

Rather than press criminal charges against the companies, DOE told them to refund the money, and gave the firms 40 days to appeal to an administrative law judge. Government attorneys fear that meeting the strict, "beyond a reasonable doubt" standard of proof under criminal law would be almost impossible considering the technicalities of the case.

The companies vigorously denied the charges and responded that they had simply been trying to abide by immensely confusing DOE regulations. At issue is the seemingly simple distinction between "old" oil and "new" oil. Under the price controls that Jimmy Carter will begin to phase out next month, petroleum discovered before 1973 can be sold only at a price that now averages \$5.86 per bbl. More recently discovered oil fetches \$13.06 per bbl. The companies are accused of selling the old oil to refineries for the new-oil prices.

DOE's ever multiplying regulations have turned the distinction between old and new into a lawyer's romper room. Complains an attorney for one of the companies: "The Government issues the regulations and leaves us to interpret them. Then the regulators sit down to decide what they meant in the first place, and they get as confused as we do."

The DOE investigators say that the companies just played fast and loose in interpreting the rules. One mind-boggling example of the old-new complexity: a now revised regulation stating that all petroleum pumped from a field that had even one well drilled before 1973 must be classified as being old oil. The idea was to stop companies from getting new-oil prices by drilling new wells into old reservoirs after 1973. The companies are accused of, among other things, ignoring this provision whenever they actually struck new oil in an old-oil field. Instead of selling it as old oil, they are said to have charged top dollar. ■



Moody's Magic Machine

Into Washington last week tooted a brightly painted car that, its builders claim, had made the more than 800-mile drive from Oak Hill, Fla., on only twelve gallons of diesel fuel. Ralph Moody, 61, and Mike Shetley, 36, two former employees of the Ford racing team, had come to show Henry Jackson's Senate Energy Committee the converted 1979 Mercury Capri that they contend gets more than 57.2 m.p.g. in city driving and nearly 80 m.p.g. on the highway. They say that it also accelerates from 0 to 60 in 17 seconds and has a top speed of 105 m.p.h.

Some legislators had already driven the car in Daytona Beach, Fla. Florida Congressman Bill Chappell (see photo) was so impressed he sent a telegram to Jimmy Carter: "I've seen it, I've driven it, and it works."

The changes to the car are essentially straightforward. Moody, an engineer, and Shetley, a car buff, made some aerodynamic changes in the body of a standard Capri, stripped the drive train, rear axle and motor and added a Pinto transmission, a Mustang rear end and a Perkins diesel engine. The key change was putting on a turbocharger. This routes hot exhaust gases (which would normally escape from the tail pipe) to a paddle-wheel turbine that compresses the engine's air-fuel mixture and gives the motor a sudden burst of power.

To make the car, Moody and Shetley needed six weeks and \$10,000, of which \$5,200 was the price of the Capri. They hope that they can eventually mass-produce the Moodymobile for as little as \$7,400. Although noisy, the car already has its supporters. Says Bill Gordon, chairman of the automotive department at Daytona Beach Community College: "I was skeptical when they brought the car in for testing. But it does everything they said it would and more."

More skeptical, Detroit's automakers at first showed little interest in the Moodymobile. Chrysler President Lee Iacocca last week announced that he would like to meet Ralph Moody, while Ford Motor executives plan to hold talks with Shetley about supplying cars for further conversion experiments. General Motors sent the director of its new devices section to study the car.



The Prime Minister meets the President amid increasing talk of confrontation and rising concerns about the dangers of protectionism

WALTER BERNARDT

Economy & Business

Japan Risks Retaliation

A visiting Prime Minister encounters tension and tough talk over trade

Shortly after he took office in December, Prime Minister Masayoshi Ohira, following a ritual established by his predecessors, scheduled a trip to Washington to clear up what he thought would be some minor issues. As it happened, Ohira's visit to the U.S. last week took place in an atmosphere of tension and ill will caused by the growing confrontation between the U.S. and Japan over trade.

Despite repeated promises by the Japanese to dismantle their myriad nontariff barriers and allow more foreign goods into their potentially rich market, Japan's trade surplus continues to pile up. Last year it rose to \$24.6 billion, from \$17.3 billion in 1977. Imports of Toyotas, Sony TVs, Nikon cameras and other Japanese goods to the U.S. outpaced American exports to Japan by \$13 billion, accounting for fully a third of the American trade deficit.

No substantive trade issues were resolved during the visit, but Ohira showed a conciliatory attitude that managed to ease, if not erase, the skepticism about Japan's intentions and the talk of economic retaliation. In his three-hour meeting with

President Carter, Ohira pledged to push to narrow the trade gap between the two nations, noting that some improvement has already been made. Japan's trade surplus in the first three months of this year totaled \$2.7 billion, vs. \$6.7 billion in the same period last year. Generally Carter and Ohira hit it off fairly well. Honoring Ohira's request for a "truly American meal," the President served up a barbecued buffalo dinner on the White House grounds, with the Texas barbecue sauce stirred up by the President's chief trade negotiator, Robert Strauss.

Still, some Administration officials fear that Congress, in its present impatient mood, could take severe action against Japanese imports. Anger at Japan's nontariff restrictions has been intensifying in both the U.S. and Europe. Congressional leaders have warned that unless Japan moves more quickly to cut its surplus, Congress will impose a 15% tariff surcharge on Japanese goods, and take other retaliatory steps. Says Senator Lloyd Bentsen of Texas: "I can see no good reason for the U.S. to commit economic harakiri on the altar of a bogus free-trade relationship."

The immediate focus of U.S. ire is Japan's reluctance to open up enough of its government contracts to foreign bidders. Specifically, the U.S. wants to be allowed to bid on high-technology items like computers and switching equipment bought by the Nippon Telegraph and Telephone Co. (NTT). But NTT vigorously opposes foreign bidding because the company has worked closely with several Japanese suppliers in developing its computer technology, which it protects like a mother bear guarding her cubs. Yet such technology is precisely where the U.S. has an edge, and could expand in what will be a growing industry in years to come. For many American businessmen and politicians, the NTT case is a perfect example of how Japan's cartel-like industry, in alliance with major trading houses, is able to preserve its profit margins by holding sway over the ruling Liberal Democratic Party, which is largely financed and backed by big business and farmers.

That is the message of a tough report on Japanese trading policies by a House Ways and Means task force headed by Oklahoma Democrat James R. Jones. Among the many charges made

by the Jones report is that Japan's Ministry of International Trade and Industry (MITI) works hand in glove with private industry cartels to set consumption, price and import levels of copper, aluminum, naphtha, and caustic soda and other chemicals.

The report also says that Japan throws up a bristling array of barriers to stop manufactured imports. To get a new car model past customs, a U.S. manufacturer must supply 400 to 500 pages of technical data. In addition, every car that enters the market must have the rear seats changed and headrests added, plastic floor covering installed, wheels rebalanced, fender mirrors attached, paint and finish work touched up. All this adds at least \$1,000 to the price. Then the car must go through the importer, the distributor and the dealer; each level adds a markup, kicking the overall price of the auto skyward. For a Ford Mustang 2800-cc Ghia that sells in the U.S. for \$4,920, the Japanese buyer must pay \$15,000. Small wonder that from January to August last year the U.S. exported only 7,900 cars to Japan, while the Japanese sped 1.3 million autos into the U.S.

Among the most frustrating and emotional restrictions, says the report, are the import quotas on 27 types of agricultural goods of which the U.S. is a big and low-cost producer, including beef, which was limited to a meager 100,000 tons in 1978. As a result, sirloin steak in Tokyo goes for \$45 a pound. A package of King Edward cigars costs that same 36¢ in the U.S. sells for about \$2 in Tokyo; California cherries cost from \$6 to \$8 a pound. The controversial quotas are maintained because Japan's powerful farm bloc obdurately refuses to accept outside competition that might result in the lowering of food prices for the long-suffering Japanese consumer.

Much the same bias in favor of high prices is reflected by businessmen selling *hakurairihin* (imports). Though the yen lately has weakened against the dollar, Japanese money still has about a 40% higher value than it did two years ago. Thus foreign goods are less expensive for the importer; but businessmen have pocketed the difference and left the price of imports high. A small Kelvinator refrigerator costs \$900; a bottle of Johnnie Walker Black \$34 a fifth; a can of Campbell soup 95¢.

The Japanese business establishment argues, with some justification, that American traders are not really trying hard enough to crack its market. In its view, the U.S., which encourages consumption instead of capital formation and improved productivity, is simply unable to compete against Japan, which stresses hard work and thrift. One key example of this basic cultural difference is that Americans save only 5% of their personal income, while the Japanese save a remarkable 24%.

Many Japanese are advocating a stronger stand against foreign demands.

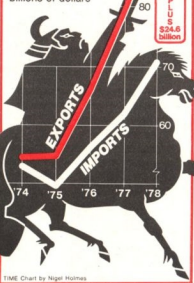
An editorial in the Tokyo *Shimbu*, an influential daily, argues that "it has become a fixed pattern that as soon as Japan concedes one issue, the U.S. brings up a fresh one. We cannot tolerate the disgusting threat of retaliation every time a Congressman opens his mouth." Says Economist Kunihiro Takano: "What the Americans are really telling the Japanese is, 'Change your tastes, your attitude and your life-style so you can buy more American goods.' That borders on domestic interference."

Japan's political leaders are eager to defuse the trade issue before the economic summit meeting of the heads of the major industrial nations begins in Tokyo on June 28. But as matters stand, the session is likely to be marred by a barrage of criticism against Japan by both Americans and Europeans, who are openly threatening to take strong retaliatory steps against Japan by autumn.

The Western industrial nations want Japan to expand domestic demand and consumption by taking steps to stimulate the economy and lift average Japanese incomes.

RISING GAP

Japanese trade in billions of dollars



That would tend to raise imports and reduce exports because Japanese wages and other costs would go up. But such a course risks higher Japanese inflation and lower profits, which the nation's business establishment opposes. Unless the corporate chiefs relent, however, they risk the greater shock of having their access to world markets sharply curtailed. The threat of selective protectionism against Japan is rising, and it worries U.S. officials. It would dangerously damage relations with the nation's staunchest ally and biggest customer in the Far East and possibly lead to an international trade war.

Inflation Fever Strikes Europe

A stronger dollar swells prices

The dollar can do no right, at least in the eyes of Europeans. When the greenback was plummeting almost daily last year, money men in strong currency nations like West Germany and Switzerland screamed that their goods were being priced out of the U.S. market. Now their complaints have changed. The newly revived dollar, strengthened by Jimmy Carter's rescue operation last November, is quickening the inflationary pace all around Europe. As a result, Germany, Switzerland, France, Britain and Italy are suffering a severe case of racing prices.

The key culprit, of course, is not the dollar but oil. Crude imports are paid for in dollars, and in years gone by Europe got used to offsetting higher OPEC prices by the subsequent declines in the value of the dollar. Every time the dollar fell—and it nearly always fell when OPEC's prices were raised—the real cost of oil hardly changed and sometimes actually became cheaper for countries with strong currencies.

No longer. Since last November, despite the latest rounds of OPEC increases, the dollar has remained strong, largely because multinational money dealers believe that the U.S. Government is at last determined to protect its value by keeping interest rates high, reducing budget deficits and pursuing other anti-inflationary policies. Over the past six months the dollar has gained 21% against the Swiss franc and 11% against the West German mark. Consequently, Switzerland and West Germany, which import nearly 100% of their oil, have been hit by the full inflationary impact of the cartel's rate rise. And this hurts: prices in Switzerland and Germany have shot up at an annual rate of 9% and 9.6%, respectively, in this year's first quarter, compared with practically no increases in the preceding three months. Moreover, double-digit inflation now plagues every major European Community country. In the first quarter, prices in France rose at an annual rate of 10%, vs. 8.4% in the preceding quarter; Britain suffered 12.4%, vs. 6%; and Italy 17.6%, vs. 12%.

Oddly, Europe's problems help the U.S. Its inflation rate, 13% in the first quarter, is no longer much higher than that of the strongest currency countries. While the gap may not close completely in the near future, this trend will add strength to the dollar, attract capital back to America, and reverse the once large dollar outflows. Europe, for its part, unfortunately may have to adopt more restrictive monetary, tax and spending policies and learn to live with higher unemployment as well as lower economic growth.

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Economy & Business

Slash at Sears

Feeding back "excess" profits

In full-page ads across the country, Sears, Roebuck & Co. trumpeted a 5% reduction in its catalogue prices as a "voluntary" move "to help fight inflation." But the sudden—and suspect—volunteerism came after weeks of rising pressure from the Council on Wage and Price Stability (COWPS) and a phone call to the company's Chicago headquarters from none other than Jimmy Carter. It was the President's first such jawboning-by-wire, and the highest official he could reach was the senior vice president for public affairs; the others were out to lunch, and Chairman Edward Telling was in an airplane flying over Kansas at the time.

Sears may have been the target because it is the world's largest retailer (1978 sales: \$18 billion), and a victory would give a lift to Carter's price fight. Surely a boost is needed. Consumer prices rose at a 13% annual rate in the first quarter, and wholesale prices for April were reported last week to have increased at an 11.4% annual rate, despite declines for some foods, including pork and coffee.

The Administration claims that in the six months through last January, Sears increased prices at an annual pace of 4.2%, well over the 3.2% allowed it by COWPS. The rollback is designed to bring the company into line with the Government's guidepost for the year and feed back to the public any "excess" profits. About 20% of Sears' business is catalogue sales, and the company will automatically send refunds to any customers who mail in too much money. Sears also will make "selective" price reductions in its stores.

An Open Letter to Sears Customers:

Here's What Sears Will Do to Help Fight Inflation

To support the Sears will voluntarily reduce prices to help fight inflation.



Chairman Telling with catalogue and ad
Suspect volunteerism after Jimmy's call.

The move stands to do more to burnish the public relations image of Carter's anti-inflation commandos—and Sears—than to contain overall U.S. prices. First, inflation in general retailing has been relatively modest, averaging well under 5% over the past five years. Second, Sears' major competitors, including J.C. Penney, K mart and Montgomery Ward, do not intend to cut prices.

Quite possibly, Sears would have reduced its prices even if COWPS had not acted. The company's sales have slumped for eight consecutive months, largely because it moved away from discounting in an effort to improve profit margins. Now Sears can claim that price reductions are an act of inflation-fighting patriotism instead of a necessary step to woo back customers, and it can blame any lower profits on Government pressure to cut.

In any case, the company has the last laugh. One of its executives was suffering from a bad case of flu when he met with COWPS officials in Washington after the President's phone call. Some time later COWPS Director Barry Bosworth and several other agency officials were put to bed with what their colleagues are calling "Sears' revenge."

Look Ma, I'm Talking

Little chips learn to speak

"You are exceeding the 55 m.p.h. speed limit," intones the engine. "Time to fill 'er up," announces the gas tank. It sounds like something out of Looney Tunes, but a talking Ford may well be in the future, not to mention babbling Buicks and loquacious Lincolns. Ford and General Motors are tinkering with computerized voice synthesizers that in several years could replace the dashboard gauges with oral announcements about the condition of the car. Officials of both companies stress that audible autos are still a long way off, but, says a GM spokesman, "We might have something to show you in a couple of years."

The technology for talking cars comes off the Dallas drawing boards of Texas Instruments Inc., which has come up with a computer chip, costing less than \$5 to manufacture, that synthesizes the human voice. So far, TI has used the chip only in its \$60 talking learning aid for children, called Speak & Spell; the company has been marketing it with considerable success since last September. The red and yellow plastic device asks wide-eyed kids and fascinated adults to spell words as easy as was or as difficult as quotient by punching out the letters on a keyboard. It then responds, "That is correct," or "That is incorrect," and gives the bad speller two more chances before it spells the word itself and goes on to the next word. The chip has a vocabulary of 250 words, and



Playing with Texas Instruments' voluble toy
Babbling Buicks, snappish refrigerators.

another chip called Vowel Power can add 150 more. The voice is a male monotone patterned after the Midwestern accent of a Dallas radio announcer. Says a TI public relations man: "We were looking for standard American speech—not good English, just very American."

Speech patterns, like other sound waves, can be charted by assigning a numerical value to each point on the wave. These numbers are then run through a computer in sequence, and the numerical input is converted into sound by electrical impulses. The tremendous increase in computer memory power during the past decade has enabled technicians to translate such variables as pitch and loudness into numerical values to reproduce a sound exactly.

Three years ago, Telesensory Systems Inc. of Palo Alto, Calif., came out with its Speech Plus talking calculator, which sounds out the numbers and the functions that are punched in. Price: \$395. Next year Telesensory hopes to produce a computer for the blind that will scan a printed page and turn it into speech.

TI is so secretive about the way Speak & Spell works that competitors are buying the toy just to smash it and recover the chip. The Texas company has managed to put a fairly large vocabulary onto a computer chip at low cost. With that, synthetic speech becomes possible in many consumer products. Washing machines could gurgle when the suds get too high, and the refrigerator could snarl at the midnight raider. But what, the best brains in Detroit are wondering, will happen when a driver's eight-track quadraphonic recording of Disco Queen Donna Summer is interrupted by a disembodied voice warning that the car, or perhaps the listener, is overheating?

Economy & Business

Expanding Along with Carlson

A little-known centimillionaire gets rich by staying private



One of the chain's hotels in Duluth, Minn.

Curtis Carlson, a freewheeling entrepreneur who made his first millions selling Gold Bond Stamps, has a gilt complex. He loves gold. The energetic conglomerateur controls the worldwide operations of his Minneapolis-based empire (hotels, restaurants, discounting) from offices reminiscent of that Bondian archvillain, Auric Goldfinger: his gold-embossed telephone, gold vinyl chair and gold-striped sofa are set off by the rich, warm shades of a gold-hued carpet. When Carlson's Gold Bond Stamp operation was at its peak in the 1960s, its executives drove a fleet of company-owned gold Cadillacs. A gold-framed saying in one of his offices reflects Carlson's buck-starts-here philosophy: "Lest you forget, our sole purpose here is to make money. However,

empire is the Radisson Hotel Group, which last year generated revenues of \$90 million. There are 19 hotels with a total of 7,139 rooms, and Carlson hopes to expand by 1,000 rooms a year. He opened a resort hotel a year ago in Scottsdale, Ariz., and the Radisson Oasis, built near the Pyramids outside Cairo, will be finished by the end of 1979. Farther afield, Carlson is negotiating with the Chinese to build a hotel in Peking. He has a particularly active period of growth planned for two recently acquired restaurant chains, TGI Friday's and Country Kitchen. Carlson aims to increase the Victorian-style TGI Friday's from the present 30 outlets to 55 by 1984 and add 100 outlets a year over the next five years to the 320-restaurant Country Kitchen chain.

Two stalwarts among the Carlson groups accounted for almost half of last year's billion-dollar-plus sales. One of them, the catalogue showroom retailing operations, which grossed \$216 million, embraces brand-name discount chains that require little in the way of display space, sales help and security personnel because customers order merchandise from catalogues. Thus the companies can undercut many of the big low-price chains like K mart. The other, the Carlson Premium Group, which last year got one-third of its \$250 million revenues from Gold Bond Stamps, organizes incentive programs for companies that reward high-achieving employees and dealers with expensive trips and gifts. Carlson also has a sporting-goods importing business, a diamond wholesaling operation, a gold-jewelry manufacturing firm, a natural gas exploration and production company, and owns or manages \$200 million worth of real estate across North America.



The Minneapolis entrepreneur outside his office: "Our sole purpose here is to make money"

let's have fun while we are doing it."

A robust Midwesterner of sturdy Nordic stock, the tall, silver-haired Carlson, 64, keeps both his personal life and his business private, and he is barely known outside his native Minnesota. He has collected a string of 101 companies in ten groups without ever having sold a share of stock to the public, along the way amassing a fortune estimated at \$100 million. Because his companies are private, they are not required to report sales or profits figures. But he has allowed TIME Correspondent Patricia Delaney a closer look at the far-flung activities of the Carlson Companies, Inc.

Combined revenues, he revealed, totaled \$1.041 billion last year, up a remarkable 170% from 1975. Now Carlson hopes to hit the \$2 billion sales mark in 1982. Carlson does not disclose profits because he plows everything back into the company and thus keeps taxes low. Says he: "Net profits are meaningless. Growth and cash flow mean everything."

The most visible part of the Carlson

Not bound by any need to satisfy directors or shareholders, Carlson moves freely. Like a hummingbird, he darts from company to company, quickly moving in to focus attention on one aspect of his operations, then moving on to the next. A magnet for minutiae, he once dropped in on one of his hotels unannounced and wrote a lengthy memo to the manager on the impropriety of serving mashed potatoes with an omelet; according to Carlson, the accompaniment should have been French fries.

He normally keeps dozens of new deals going at once. His independence gives him a competitive edge over rivals, who must go through strict management channels. Once, while spending a week-end relaxing aboard his company's 85-ft. yacht, the *Curt-C*, Carlson heard a Milwaukee promotion company that produces inflight shopping catalogues was for



The Radisson Plaza in Charlotte, N.C.

An Oasis near Cairo, a chance in China.



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Executive View/Marshall Loeb

Connecting for Innovation

sale. He bought the firm within two days.

To his employees, Carlson is part saint, part demon. He works tirelessly, and expects nothing less from subordinates. His executive row is nicknamed Ulcer Alley. Managers must meet monthly profits targets or file "deviation reports" explaining how and why they were unable to do so. An annual four-day show-and-tell fiesta at the sprawling company lodge at Minnesuig Acres near Superior, Wis., also spurs executive performance. Corporate officers are required to recount how they have or have not met their sales goals of the year. Recalls a former employee: "Carlson would chew you out for three hours straight while others stared down at the table, dreading that they would be next." Says Carlson: "You have to keep a little tension in the air, or things get too lackadaisical."

But Carlson, who once threatened to drive nails up through a salesman's chair to get him out on the road, amply rewards performance. Roughly 20 executives get a new luxury car every year, and high-achievers can receive bonuses of up to 50% of their salary. To celebrate the company's ascension to the \$1 billion sales mark, 39 senior officers and their spouses will be treated to a three-week trip through the Orient this month. More important, says Carlson, "my top executives will retire as millionaires."

Ever since he was young, Carlson has shown a colorful blend of salesmanship and independence. After graduating from the University of Minnesota in 1937, he took an \$85-a-month job as a soap salesman, but the entrepreneurial spirit moved him in 1938 to ask his landlord for a deferral of a month's rent. With this \$55 he started the Gold Bond Stamp Co. He quit his job and began selling the stamps to neighborhood grocers until 1952, then advanced to supermarkets. The seven-to-eight-month "float" between the time that he sold the stamps to the grocer and the time the customers cashed them in gave Carlson the money needed to buy the premium gifts and print stamps. Long before the market in trading stamps slumped in the late 1960s, Carlson began to diversify. His first major move came in 1961, when he bought the venerable Radisson Hotel in Minneapolis, using the convenient float. In subsequent acquisitions, he had generous lines of credit from many banks.

Carlson still has so deep a respect for a dollar that he continues to pump his own gas at a self-service station. But he generously donated \$1 million to the drive, of which he is co-director, to raise \$20 million for the Hubert H. Humphrey Institute of Public Affairs at the University of Minnesota. He is active in other charities and has finally delegated enough authority to set aside time for regular sessions of swimming and tennis. But the companies remain his passion. A pillow on Carlson's gold-striped sofa reads: "I love this business. Sit down and watch me run it."

One reason for America's lag in productivity and gap in balance of payments is that the U.S. has lost much of its lead in innovation. Not in a long time have Yankee tinkers produced an invention to rival nylon or the transistor. U.S. scientists and engineers have brought forth some fascinating new products, including talking toys and maybe the Moodymobile, but the ingenious Europeans and Asians are being granted an ever increasing share of the patents.

This deeply troubles John Hanley, a soap supersalesman who rode the Tide to the top at Procter & Gamble and in 1972 floated over to become chief executive of one of its major chemical suppliers, Monsanto Co. Now Hanley, 57, is hard-selling a provocative idea: that technology could leap ahead if two basic but often distant institutions would join forces. Those two are U.S. universities and U.S. corporations.

In a promising pilot, Hanley's firm has committed \$23 million to a joint project with the Harvard Medical School to find new means of combatting cancer. For four years, at both Boston and Monsanto's campus-like home in suburban St. Louis, scientists from the college and the company have been unwinding the secrets of "molecular messengers," which control the growth of tumors. Besides money, Monsanto, like many another firm, has quite a bit of technical expertise to offer. Says Hanley: "We can, in fact, bring something to the party."

Its own biochemical research has taught Monsanto to manipulate cells. The making of ingredients for simple toothpaste has unlocked some mysteries of dental cavities. Thus the company's scientists are also working with those at the Harvard Dental School to find ways of controlling diseases of the teeth and gums.

Of Monsanto's Harvard connection, Hanley says, "A lot of people in both education and business are watching this project. Exxon, for example, is looking at it. They have some fledgling arrangements with M.I.T., and I gather that they want more. There isn't a month that goes by that some paper shuffler like me doesn't inquire, 'How're you coming along?' David Rockefeller was in my office a few weeks ago and asked if we could make the same kind of deal with Rockefeller University."

Harvard and Monsanto are aiming at a tough scientific target, but Hanley figures that it is equally significant that they are demonstrating a means for working together to increase the effectiveness of the research under way in U.S. universities. Compared with cash-short colleges, companies have far larger resources to invest in basic research, and they are much more expert in managing that research, directing it to the market and recruiting scientists. "The transferral of technology from the university to the marketplace is a very flawed mechanism in this country," says Hanley. "It doesn't work worth a damn."

One problem, in his view, is that the Daddy Warbucks of university research is the Government. Washington is dandy at ordering up explosive missiles and exotic miscellany, but it rarely has its eyes on the marketplace. If potentially commercial discoveries are made, the feds are often reluctant to part with the rights. But without an exclusive license, companies are unwilling to risk the daunting expense of trying to convert basic research to products that serve people. Hanley argues that companies should be allowed to buy such licenses by paying the Government whatever it has put up to finance the research, plus royalties. And, he contends, private corporations should do much more to supplement public officials as the bankrollers of campus scientists.

Beyond just putting up cash, he says, companies should combine broadly with universities on specific projects, sharing scientists, pooling knowledge. Now Hanley surveys the university horizon for joint ventures. He wants, among many other things, to find means of reducing noise in factories and ways of using recombinant DNA to produce new products. As he says: "In just about any field—you name it—there is potential for a university and an industrial concern to work together."



Research Supporter John Hanley

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20. Transcription Typist (231)
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22. Shorthand Typist (236)
23. Technical Typist (240)
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40. Bookkeeper/Full Charge (421)
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43. Junior Word Processing Typist (505)
44. Word Processing Typist (510)
45. Word Processing Statistical Typist (520)
46. Word Processing Senior Statistical Typist (521)

47. Word Processing Transcription Typist (530)
48. Word Processing Shorthand Typist (535)
49. Technical Word Processing Typist (540)
50. Technical Word Processing Transcription Typist (541)
51. Technical Word Processing Shorthand Typist (542)
52. Word Processing Proofreader (550)
53. Word Processing Technical Proofreader (551)
54. Miscellaneous, Other (600)
55. Receptionist (601)
56. Receptionist, Typist (602)
57. Switchboard Operator/Small Console (610)
58. Switchboard Operator/Small Console Typist (611)
59. Switchboard Operator/PBX (612)
60. Switchboard Operator/PBX Typist (613)
61. Switchboard Operator/PBX Special (614)
62. Business Machine Operator (620)
63. Bank Teller (630)
64. Bank Proof Machine Operator (631)
65. Junior Key punch Operator (640)
66. Senior Key punch Operator (641)
67. Marketing, Other (700)
68. Host/Hostess (701)
69. Registration Clerk (702)
70. Message Center Clerk (703)
71. General Convention Clerk (704)
72. Narrator/Tour Guide (705)
73. Booth Attendant (706)
74. Product Distributor (710)

75. Product Demonstrator (711)
76. Product Demonstrator/Salesperson (712)
77. Product Salesperson (713)
78. Traffic Surveyor (720)
79. Store Surveyor (721)
80. Telephone Surveyor (722)
81. Door-To-Door Surveyor (723)
82. On-The-Street Surveyor (724)
83. Comparison Shopper (730)
84. Performance Shopper (731)
85. Merchandise Clerk (740)
86. Display Clerk (741)
87. Demonstrator/Trainer (742)
88. Inventory Counter (750)
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90. Assembler (801)
91. Assembler—Printed Circuit/Electronic (802)
92. Bindery Worker (803)
93. Blueprint Worker (804)
94. Cardboard Box Worker (805)
95. Cafeteria Worker (806)
96. Conveyor Line Attendant (807)
97. Food Service Worker (808)
98. Inventory Taker (810)
99. Laundry Worker (811)
100. Machine Tender (812)
101. Hand Packager (820)
102. Machine Packager (821)
103. Blister Packager (822)
104. Skin or Shrink Packager (823)
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Cinema



Keith Carradine and Monica Vitti in *An Almost Perfect Affair*

Cannes Game

AN ALMOST PERFECT AFFAIR

Directed by Michael Ritchie
Screenplay by Walter Bernstein and Don Petersen

To anyone who has not been there, the Cannes Film Festival sounds like paradise: free movies, bountiful booze, great food and beautiful people all converge under the sunny skies of the Côte d'Azur. Would that it were so. In reality, the festival is a grotesque trade fair. The few good movies are mobbed; the best restaurants are overbooked; traffic jams glut the countryside; it often rains. The festival celebrates money, not art, and only the industry's hustlers seem to have fun. For anyone else, a day in Cannes is like a week in Vegas.

No wonder, then, that the Cannes Festival is a perfect subject for Director Michael Ritchie, a satirist who has previously assaulted such institutions as competitive sports (*Downhill Racer*), beauty pageants (*Smile*), political campaigns (*The Candidate*) and est (*Semi-Tough*). For his new film, *An Almost Perfect Affair*, Ritchie went to the 1978 festival to record the goings-on in all their vulgar glory. He eavesdrops on the manic deal making that transpires daily on the Carlton Hotel terrace, the pretentious black-tie screenings, the endless parade of female pulchritude for commercial purposes. Such real-life luminaries as Rona Barrett, Edy Williams and Brooke Shields pop up here and there, in most cases to make spectacles of themselves.

Unfortunately there is more to *Affair* than Ritchie's delicious documentary footage. The backbone of the film is a

fictional liaison between Hal (Keith Carradine), a precious young independent director, and Maria (Monica Vitti), a married, middle-aged movie star. When this odd couple first start fooling around there are some amusing cross-cultural jokes, as well as touching erotic interludes in dreamy Riviera locales. But the affair quickly becomes a high-toned soap opera that devours the movie. By the end, the hero and heroine are adrift at sea in a stalled motorboat, screaming platitudes at each other. The scene looks like a parody of Lina Wertmüller, but not, alas, an intentional one.

Banality aside, the love story suffers from Carradine's performance. Once more he is playing the corruptible innocent he already created in *Nashville* and *Pretty Baby*. This humorless characterization has calcified: instead of being boyishly naive, Carradine is just pompous and prim. Certainly he is no match for Vitti, who has rarely seemed as radiant and emotionally full-blooded as she is here. With smoky eyes and a voice to match, she reduces her co-star to the stature of a lap dog.

As Vitti's wronged husband, a flamboyant but sympathetic producer, Raf Vallone is so appealing that it is hard to know why Vitti would forsake him. Whether he is arguing on the phone about Burmese distribution rights or comforting his wife in a time of need, the serpentine Vallone is a grand old charmer. We want to see more of him, but once *Affair* shifts from satire to bathos he fades away. There are too many such missed opportunities. Like other visitors to Cannes, Michael Ritchie arrived with good intentions, only to get so distracted that he forgot why he came in the first place.

—Frank Rich

Dribbles

THE AMERICAN GAME

Directed and Written by Jay Freund and David Wolf

With so many talented documentary-film makers about, it is sad to see a serious budget in the hands of the hacks who made *The American Game*. The movie's problems begin with its title: Since when is basketball the American game?

The co-directors follow two high school basketball stars, a black from Brooklyn and a small-town Wasp from Lebanon, Ind., as they endure the victories and defeats of senior year. The overall message is a real doozy: sports are a metaphor for society. From this profound insight, the film embraces all the sociological idiocies that Albert Brooks satirized in *Real Life*.

The American Game breaks the news that ghetto blacks are poorer than middle-class whites. We also learn that basketball teams play to win, that coaches can be tough taskmasters, that pretty girls and college recruiters fawn over the best players. If these tedious observations were served up in an interesting way, the movie might at least offer some entertainment. No dice. *The American Game* is a survey of film-making clichés. There are soupy graphics, split-screen effects, a platitudinous narration. The editing is so splintered that even the few potentially good scenes, those set at the heroes' homes and locker rooms, are too short to allow the characters breathing room. There is also an insistent musical score that sounds like an endless track of commercial jingles. "You'll have riches and fame," intones the title number, "if you play the American game." Tennis, anyone?

—F.R.

The Count of New York

LOVE AT FIRST BITE

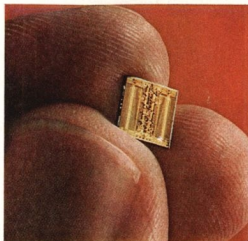
Directed by Stan Dragoti
Screenplay by Robert Kaufman

Count Dracula has always been something of a romantic. Given his undead state and his all too literal bloodthirstiness, his problem has ever been to find a socially (not to say legally) acceptable way of expressing his sweeter side. It is the funny premise of this movie that it required the intervention of the U.S. (circa 1970-79) to make the count begin to look good, despite his obvious kinks, to a lady.

Played by George Hamilton (and very nicely too), he is booted out of Transylvania by the humorless Communists who are going to turn Castle Dracula into a

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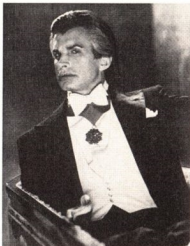
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Cinema

sports and recreation center. The count decides to go to New York City in pursuit of Model Cindy Sondheim (Susan Saint James), whom he recognizes from magazine covers as the reincarnation of the one woman he has really loved for some seven centuries. Cindy, alas, is not quite the innocent she was in her past lives. She divides her evenings between the discos and one-night stands, popping uppers and downers as if they were Good & Plenties and generally leading a thoroughly disorganized life. She has been having an affair with her analyst (Richard Benjamin) for years, but both are beset by the modern inability to make a genuine commitment. He, it turns out, is a descendant of Dr. Van Helsing. Dracula's old nemesis from the book, play and sequels. The analyst perceives his beloved's



George Hamilton as Count Dracula

Kinky, but with a sweet side.

peril (three bites from the count and you go over to the undead). But since the setting is New York now, he has some difficulty persuading anyone to care about one well-mannered vampire, whose depredations seem mild compared with all the other forms of urban chaos. In point of fact, the count's passion for Cindy is obviously good for her, just what she has always needed to straighten out her life.

There is some racial joking in *Love at First Bite* that one could have done without. It is intended to prove that nothing is sacred to the film makers, but it just plays uncomfortably. There is also a flatness about Stan Dragoti's direction that prevents the film from realizing all its comic potential. But the performances (including that of Arte Johnson as Renfield, the count's bug-eating assistant) are uniformly jolly, the parody of the basic Dracula formula well observed and its social commentary deliciously off the wall. The production's genially tatty air enhances its anarchical mood and encourages one to go with its goofy yet often shrewd comic flow. — Richard Schickel

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SAAB 900

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People



Jeanne holding Teddy, the Leo who came in from the street

Headstrong and impulsive, Aries are likely to race across lawns and trample KEEP OFF THE GRASS signs. Geminis bark a lot. Libras sniff inquisitively under tables and into closets. Leos chase animals while Scorpios pester for second helpings. And if that doesn't sound like your sign of the zodiac, not to worry. Seer **Jeanne Dixon**, famous and wealthy from casting people, has now gone to the dogs. "Dogs, after all," insists Dixon in her new book, *Horoscopes for Dogs*, "live under the same stars that we do." Take her Teddy, a mutt of indiscriminate breed. Dixon obviously doesn't know his birthday or his sign. But since Teddy loves to chase rabbits during walks through the woods, "he just has to be a Leo."

Until now **Henry Irwin**, 62, a West Pointer and former lieutenant colonel who resigned from the Army in 1947 after marrying Phillips Petroleum Heiress **Elizabeth Phillips**, was best known as a maverick Oklahoma presidential elector. In 1960 he ignored his pledge to **Richard Nixon** and voted for Virginia Senator **Harry Byrd**. Last week a court approved a settlement in which Irwin will be paid \$1,600 a month by his ex-wife, as long as he remains unmarried. She herself had proposed a payment because of his lack of income. "It was just something I wanted to do," she told

newsmen. Nevertheless, the settlement occurred only two months after the U.S. Supreme Court, in *Orr vs. Orr*, ruled that husbands could collect alimony. "This is the beginning of a trend," said Irwin's lawyer.

Who's afraid of the big bad monkfish? Certainly not **Julia Child**, that indefatigable doyenne of the television kitchen, even though the monkfish, or



Katya Dobrynin, Emily Powell and Amy Carter having kids' fun

Lophius americanus, is such an ugly American that fish stores ordinarily chop off its fanged foot-wide head before they display the fish in order not to frighten customers. Taping a cooking session for the new season, Child hauled the fish up by its tail, showed the camera its "skin that moves around" and praised its "marvelous teeth—top, bottom and middle." "It is firm, lean and gelatinous," she insisted, "and very good in bouillabaisse." When it's mixed with lobster, "the lobster flavor penetrates the monkfish, and you think you're eating only lobster." Besides, Child pointed out, in these days of ballooning prices, monkfish is \$1.89 per lb.

He was obviously not quite fit as a fiedler, but nobody in Boston's packed Symphony Hall had expected him to be. For one thing, the Hub's beloved grouchy and historic landmark, white-thatched Conductor **Arthur Fiedler**, 84, was climbing the podium to commence his 50th season as leader of the Boston Pops. More, Fiedler scarcely five months earlier had undergone massive brain surgery. The years and fears showed mainly in the fit of his bib: Fiedler ill had lost so much weight that Wife **Ellen** insisted on smaller



Julia showing *Lophius americanus*

tails from Brooks Brothers. Otherwise, things Pops-wise were the same, including a familiar hand-clapping, balloon-rising *Stars and Stripes Forever* finale.

It was a Washington week in which all kidding was not aside. While President **Jimmy Carter** was welcoming Japanese Premier **Masayoshi Ohira** to the White House, for instance, little maids from various schools, including First Daughter **Amy**, mounted excerpts from Gilbert and Sullivan's *The Mikado*, with its lighthearted attacks on both monarchy and things Japanese. Others in a cast of tens were **Emily Powell**, daughter of the President's press secretary, Senate siblings, ambassadorial ingenues, and **Alice Jay**, whose grandfather, **James Callaghan**, was in the process of losing his prime ministership at show time. Their ensemble was joined by another from the Soviet embassy, including **Katya Dobrynin**, the ambassador's granddaughter, who enchanted the East-West audience with her folk dance. Forgetting their handles, the kids had fun.



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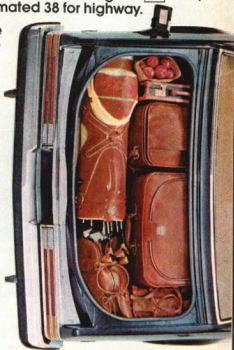
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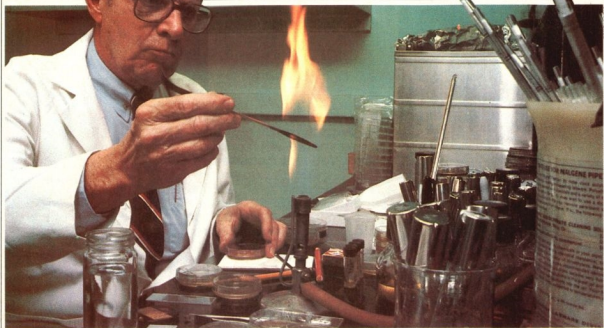


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Books



Dr. Lewis Thomas conducting an experiment in his laboratory at the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center in New York City

In Celebration of Life

Dr. Lewis Thomas has more good news about the human condition

There is nothing at all absurd about the human condition. We matter. It seems to me a good guess, hazarded by a good many people who have thought of it, that we may be engaged in the formation of something like a mind for the life of this planet. If this is so, we are still at the most primitive stage, still fumbling with language and thinking, but infinitely capacitated for the future. Looked at this way, it is remarkable that we've come as far as we have in so short a period, really no time at all as geologists measure time. We are the newest, the youngest, and the brightest things around.

—Lewis Thomas

Who is this man, and why is he saying all those nice things about the human race? The first question is simpler than the second. Lewis Thomas, 65, is a doctor and an administrator (currently president and chief executive officer of the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center in New York City). He is a biologist, a researcher and a professor. He is a published poet and, quite possibly, the best essayist on science now working anywhere in the world.

This last accomplishment has brought Thomas more attention than all the others put together. A collection of 29 of his essays was published in 1974 under the

title *The Lives of a Cell: Notes of a Biology Watcher*. No one expected much, least of all the author. For one thing, most Americans escape from the study of biology as fast as their teachers will let them; if they think of the subject at all, they are likely to remember rubbery dead frogs and the smell of formaldehyde. For an-

Administrator Thomas muses in his office



other, Thomas made few concessions to the ignorance of laymen. He certainly did not obfuscate, but he gave complex matters the taxonomic precision they required: "It has been proposed that symbiotic linkages between prokaryotic cells were the origin of eukaryotes, and that fusion between different sorts of eukaryotes (e.g., motile, ciliated cells joined to phagocytic ones)..." Such is not the stuff that bestsellers are made of, but that is precisely what Thomas' book became. Novelist Joyce Carol Oates found the essays "remarkable... undogmatic... gently persuasive." John Updike praised Thomas' "shimmering vision." Reviewers picked up the applause; so did more and more readers. The book has now sold over 300,000 copies in hardback and paperback and has been translated into eleven languages. *The Lives of a Cell* was given a National Book Award in April 1975, but not in the category of science. It was honored as a contribution to the field of arts and letters.

Which is what it was. And so is *The Medusa and the Snail* (Viking; 175 pages; \$8.95), a collection of 29 more Thomas essays to be published this month. If anything, the new book is better than its predecessor. Thomas' prose seems firmer, his conclusions surer, his voice more resonant. He ranges farther and farther away

Excerpts

“We have language and can build metaphors as skillfully and precisely as ribosomes make proteins. We have affection. We have genes for usefulness, and usefulness is about as close to a ‘common goal’ for all of nature as I can guess at. And finally, and perhaps best of all, we have music. Any species capable of producing, at this earliest, juvenile stage of its development—almost instantaneously after emerging on the earth by any evolutionary standard—the music of Johann Sebastian Bach, cannot be all bad.

It is customary to place the date for the beginnings of modern medicine somewhere in the mid-1930s, with the entry of sulfonamides and penicillin into the pharmacopoeia, and it is usual to ascribe to these events the force of a revolution in medical practice. This is what things seemed like at the time. Therapy had been discovered for great numbers of patients whose illnesses had previously been untreatable. Cures were now available. As we saw it then, it seemed a totally new world. Doctors could now cure disease, and this was astonishing, most of all to doctors themselves.

We tend to think of our selves as the only wholly unique creations in nature, but it is not so. Uniqueness is so commonplace a property of living things that there is really nothing at all unique about it.

The only solid piece of scientific truth about which I feel totally confident is that we are profoundly ignorant about nature. Indeed, I regard this as the major discovery of the past hundred years of biology. It is, in its way, an illuminating piece of news. It would have amazed the brightest minds of the eighteenth-century Enlightenment to be told by any of us how little we know, and how bewildering seems the way ahead. It is this sudden confrontation with the depth and scope of ignorance that represents the most significant contribution of twentieth-century science to the human intellect.



Magic is back again, and in full force. Laetrile cures cancer, acupuncture is useful for deafness and low-back pain, vitamins are good for anything, and meditation, yoga, dancing, biofeedback, and shouting one another down in crowded rooms over weekends are specifics for the human condition. Running, a good thing to be doing for its own sake, has acquired the medicinal value formerly attributed to rare herbs from Indonesia.

Some intelligence or other knows how to get rid of warts, and this is a disquieting thought.

The loss of Homeric and Attic Greek from American college life was one of this century's disasters. **”**

from the laboratory, and devotes his attention to larger chunks of society as well as to bacteria and viruses. Taken together, his two books form an extended paean to this, the best of all possible worlds.

That is the second riddle about Thomas and his philosophy. He bears no resemblance to the fatuous Dr. Pangloss, who chirped about this best world while stumbling through a series of catastrophes. Voltaire's doctor was an *a priori* optimist, and nothing that he saw or experienced could rattle his foolhardy faith. Thomas reverses this procedure and writes about things he has observed, grounding his conclusions in the tiniest material details that the world can provide. Because he has peered at nature's building blocks more closely than anyone but fellow biologists, and because he can translate his visions more gracefully than anyone but fellow writers, Thomas' good news about the human race is practically unique. Given the pessimistic tenor of our age the good doctor and his message could not have come along at a better time.

What in the world can he find to be hopeful about? As it turns out, almost everything. Most simply, Thomas argues that the overwhelming tendency in nature is toward symbiosis, union, harmony. The post-Darwinian view of life as a constant, murderous struggle, Tennyson's personification of nature "red in tooth and claw," do not match the facts that Thomas has seen. Even what looks like random slaughter may be the opposite.

Take, Thomas suggests, the case of the nudibranch (a sea slug) and the medusa (a jellyfish) that live in the Bay of Na-

ples. The slug lives with a tiny fragment of the medusa permanently and parasitically attached near its mouth. The vestigial jellyfish apparently is still able to reproduce; its offspring swim off and become normal adult jellyfish. The slug also produces larvae, but these are rather quickly trapped and subsumed by the new jellyfish. Aha, one would think, the jellyfish are getting back at the slugs for prior mutilations. No such thing. "Soon the snails," Thomas writes, "undigested and insatiable, begin to eat, browsing away first at the radial canals, then the borders of the rim, finally the tentacles, until the jellyfish becomes reduced in substance by being eaten, while the snail grows correspondingly in size." At the end, the jellyfish are once again tiny parasites, and the whole cycle begins anew. Which one is the predator, then, and which one the prey? This underwater dance lends Thomas' new book its title and occupies the first essay; its implications echo through all that follows. Life may not be a matter of eat or be eaten; it may boil down to eating and being eaten.

This may seem cold comfort to some, but it is not the only one that Thomas offers. Other happy refrains are sounded and re-sounded as the essays (averaging only 1,200 words long) tumble forth. He seems bemused by the phenomenon of healthy hypochondriacs. Americans, for example, are needlessly "obsessed with Health." Thomas wonders why, particularly at a time when "we are free of the great infectious diseases, especially tuberculosis and lobar pneumonia, which used to cut us down long be-

fore our time." Humans are not frail organisms coveted by every death-dealing microbe in the world, as so much pop medicine would have it. Quite the contrary: "We are in real life, a reasonably healthy people. Far from being ineptly put together, we are amazingly tough, durable organisms, full of health, ready for most contingencies."

Similarly, Thomas suggests that death may not be the rattling, agonized event that humans fear. He is no stranger to the spectacle of death and its ravages. But he cites interesting evidence gathered from people who have slipped toward death before being rescued. Their testimony suggests a peaceful experience. When death is imminent, the brain apparently realizes that pain can no longer be useful as an alarm to spur escape. So the pain is turned off and replaced by a kind of blissful surrender. Thomas writes: "If I had to design an ecosystem in which creatures had to live off each other and in which dying was an indispensable part of living, I couldn't think of a better way to manage."

One of the charms of boarding Thomas' train of thought is the puckish delight he takes in turning beliefs or assumptions upside down. The current to-do about the likelihood of cloning humans? Not worth worrying about, Thomas says, and impossible besides. But (and most of his essays pivot merrily on that word) he has a suggestion for those who cannot resist tinkering: "Set cloning aside, and don't try it. Instead go in the other direction. Look for ways to get mutations more quickly, new variety, different songs." Continued genetic errors, after all, enabled the pri-

Books

meval strand of DNA to diversify into the vast spectrum of life. Humans have mimed this sloppy but productive process; "the capacity to leap across mountains of information to land lightly on the wrong side represents the highest of human endowments." With tongue in cheek, Thomas hails the arrival of the computer age; he looks forward to the bigger mistakes that the programming of bigger computers will make.

He believes that certain attempts to pierce the mystery of things are conducted backward: "Instead of using what we can guess at about the nature of thought to explain the nature of music, start over again. Begin with music and see what this can tell us about the sensation of thinking." He recommends an experiment, enlisting Johann Sebastian Bach to support his hypothesis: "Put on *The St. Matthew Passion* and turn the volume up all the way. That is the sound of the whole central nervous system of human beings, all at once."

Such imaginative leaps are typical throughout *The Medusa and the Snail*. Though the book is about science, its form is a demonstration of art. In fact, a Thomas essay blooms organically in much the same manner as a romantic ode or sonnet. A receptive mind encounters something in nature; the object out there is gradually drawn into the thinking subject; reflection occurs, hypotheses are put forward and tested, a pulse of excitement becomes audible; suddenly, everything coalesces, time stands still for a moment, an image is born out of matter and spirit. If Wordsworth had gone to medical school, he might have produced something very like the essays of Lewis Thomas.

What Thomas does is extraordinarily rare. It is hard enough to explain specialized scientific findings to scientists in other fields, and harder still to get it right and still hold the attention of untutored novices. Add touches of poetry, joyful optimism and an awe-inspired mysticism, and the job becomes impossible. Except that the impossible, like so many of the natural phenomena that Thomas describes, happens.

The doctor's prose and insights are unassailably his own, but the roll of physician-writer is nearly as old as the art of healing. St. Luke was probably a physician. One of Alexander Pope's close friends was Dr. John Arbuthnot, who dabbled in literature himself. A more modern roster includes serious practitioners like Anton Chekhov and William Carlos Williams, as well as others who had some medical training: Arthur Conan Doyle, Somerset Maugham and Walker Percy. In recent years, onetime doctors have turned to go-go careers on the edges of literature: Michael Crichton, from novels into film writing and directing *The Great*

Train Robbery; Jonathan Miller, from comedy in *Beyond the Fringe* to medical reporting on the BBC's *The Body in Question*; Graham Chapman, into satire and lunacy as a member of *Monty Python's Flying Circus*. None of this surprises Thomas, as he told TIME Correspondent Peter Stoler last week: "The physician for quite a long time was quite well educated; in fact, he was often the best, sometimes the only, educated person in the community." The mere fact of literacy made those who possessed it writers. Thomas adds: "Doctors are trained to ob-



Thomas en route to his next appointment
A familiar figure, Groucho style.

serve, and to express their ideas precisely. Medical training is good training for a writing career." True, but Thomas remains slightly beyond the circle of all the luminous names who have been taught medicine and also made up stories. When he began writing consistently, at the age of 57, he did not turn to plays, novels or poems. He wrote about what he knew: science.

It had been familiar to him since childhood. Medicine was in the family bloodline; his father was a general practitioner who later specialized in surgery. Some of Thomas' earliest memories are of traveling with his father in the fam-

ily's Franklin: "When we made most house calls, we'd park right in front of the house. When he called on Christian Scientists, it was understood that he'd park his car a block away and walk to the house, so that no one would know that they were seeing a doctor." His father's job looked like fun to young Lewis, and he pointed himself in the same direction. After graduating from a private day school in Manhattan he entered Princeton. His interest in medicine flagged for a time; exposure to the poems of T.S. Eliot and Ezra Pound inspired him to try his own hand. He published works in the college magazine, but a senior-year course in advanced biology redirected him toward medicine.

He moved easily through Harvard Medical School, surprised at how little doctors in the 1930s actually knew about the illnesses they treated: "Doctors were never really taught to or expected to cure diseases. We were taught to learn the names of the diseases and make accurate diagnoses, so we could make accurate prognoses." After graduation, Thomas interned at Boston City Hospital, becoming especially interested in meningitis infections of the brain. He also continued writing poems; one of his works composed during this period was published in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

After Boston, he did his residency at the Neurological Institute in New York City. In 1941 he married Beryl Dawson, a Vassar girl he had met at a college dance; they were wed about a year when Thomas, then at the Rockefeller Institute, was called for service in the Navy. Lieut. Commander Thomas waded ashore during the dramatic invasion of Okinawa and collected a lifelong memory: "I went over the side of a troop transport with a case on my shoulder containing 50 white mice, bedded on white toilet paper. One soldier who watched me wade ashore with this load said, 'Now I've seen everything.'" Thomas' burden was not a secret weapon but a collection of research animals; the Navy feared that troops on Okinawa would be endangered by a disease called scrub typhus, and Thomas' assignment was to study the dangers. That threat never materialized, so Thomas had to make do with an outbreak of Japanese B encephalitis. It was, he remembers, "the only game in town."

After the war Thomas became an "academic tramp." His momentum carried him away from the practice of medicine and toward research, teaching and administration. He wound steadily up the helix of professional advancement: research at Johns Hopkins, teaching at Tulane and the University of Minnesota. Back in New York, he moved through lower posts to become dean of the New York University medical school. In 1969

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Books

Thomas moved to Yale as a professor and chairman of the medical school's department of pathology; three years later he was named dean of the medical school. He left after a year at that to take charge of the Sloan-Kettering complex in Manhattan, one of the most important cancer research and treatment centers in the world.

He also found time to teach medicine and pathology at the Cornell University medical college and to rejoin the faculty at Rockefeller University. Along the way, Thomas and his wife had three daughters. In spite of growing administrative burdens, he had published more than 200 technical articles on infectious diseases and related matters. The corner office, it turns out, was never Thomas' goal: "I made each change because it offered better opportunities for research, because I found the scientific opportunities irresistible."

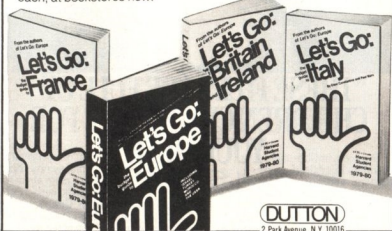
Thomas' career had plotted an impressive arc. Though unknown to the general public, he was a successful and esteemed member of the U.S. medical Establishment; he had taught at the right places and run some of them as well. The rest of his life was his to live out in dignified, influential isolation. There was no reason to believe that any work bearing Thomas' name would ever appear on paperback racks in airports or drugstores. But then, as *The Medusa and the Snail* indicates, there is no reason for expecting many things to happen until they do; only then can the moving forces behind events leap into clarity.

Thomas' "error," a word he traces back to an old root meaning "to wander about, looking for something," occurred in 1970, when he put together a short, casual talk on the phenomenon of inflammation and what it might represent as a biological process. He delivered it at a symposium held at Upjohn Co.'s Brook Lodge in Michigan. A member of the audience passed a copy of the speech to Dr. Franz Joseph Ingelfinger, then the editor of the *New England Journal of Medicine*. Ingelfinger had already roiled the academic waters by warning potential contributors that medical research should be made compatible with good, clear writing. The graceful, straightforward style of Thomas' speech struck the editor as just what he had in mind, and he offered Thomas the chance to write a monthly column for the journal. There were two conditions: the columns could run no longer than one page (about 1,200 words), and they had to be submitted in time to meet deadlines. If these strictures were met, the editor offered a bonus: Thomas' pieces would be printed, with no changes or revisions, exactly as he had written them. "That was irresistible," recalls the columnist. "I had to say yes."

Thomas was at Yale at the time and maintained a house in Woods Hole, Mass., where he and his wife retreated

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Books

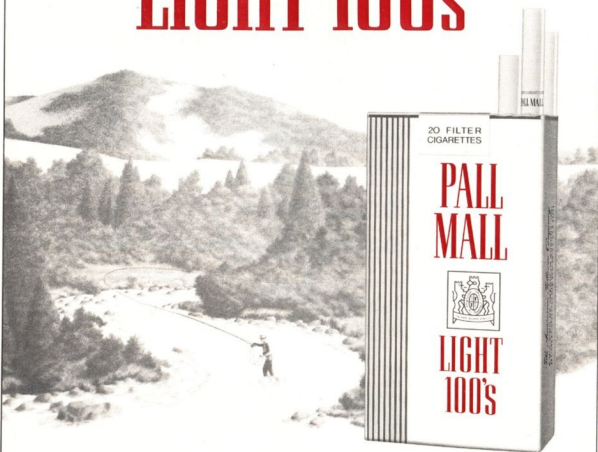
on weekends. He used the driving time from New Haven to consider ideas; then he spent the weekends writing his column longhand on ruled pads, finishing it by the time he was ready to drive home on Sunday night. "I wrote three or four pieces this way," says Thomas. "Then I called Ingelfinger and told him that I thought I had done enough. He said that he wanted me to continue and persuaded me that I should, so I did." Very shortly afterward, Thomas' column began attracting a cult of pass-along readers. The evolution that led to *The Lives of a Cell* and *The Medusa and the Snail* had begun.

Thomas still writes his monthly column, one job among many in his crowded professional life. He is a familiar figure in the halls at Sloan-Kettering, walking quickly, the tall figure canted slightly forward at the waist, his lab coat billowing out behind him, Groucho-style. He is on the run elsewhere as well, making frequent trips to Washington for committee work and to testify at congressional hearings, and to Cambridge, where he serves on the Harvard Board of Overseers. In his laboratory he continues experimenting, currently studying two microbes that lack cell walls and observing how they interact with the body's immune system. He also reads voraciously, particularly poetry, and is teaching himself Greek so that he can read Homer in the original. The doctor's spare time is not wasted in worry; he smokes a pipe constantly, enjoys a drink before dinner, eats whatever he likes and refuses to undergo annual checkups.

After some 45 years in medicine, Thomas remains a carrier of infectious enthusiasm. "It's the greatest damned entertainment in the world," he says of his work. "It's just plain fun learning something that you didn't know. . . . There is a real aesthetic experience in being dumbfounded." He is still astonished at things that others, mistakenly, take for granted. Why, he muses in *The Medusa and the Snail*, did people make such a fuss over the test-tube baby in England? The true miracle was, as always, the union of egg and sperm and the emergence of a cell that can grow into a human brain. "The mere existence of that cell," he writes, "should be one of the greatest astonishments of the earth. People ought to be walking around all day, all through their waking hours, calling to each other in endless wonderment, talking of nothing except that cell." Thomas' pyrotechnic conclusion demands the accompaniment of Bach, with the volume turned way up: "No one has the ghost of an idea how this works, and nothing else in life can ever be so puzzling. If anyone does succeed in explaining it, within my lifetime, I will charter a skyrocketing airplane, maybe a whole fleet of them, and send them aloft to write one great exclamation point after another, around the whole sky, until all my money runs out." —Paul Gray

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Sport

Spectacular Bid Trumps the Field

The pride of Maryland wins the Kentucky Derby

It was a showdown made for Churchill Downs on Kentucky Derby day. Spectacular Bid was the king of the Eastern three-year-olds, a smooth-striding colt that had simply overwhelmed his competition in Florida and Kentucky. Flying Paster was the best of the West, a dangerous stretch runner that had dominated California racing throughout the spring. The two colts battled behind the leaders for the first mile on the old course in Louisville, Ky., last week, but when it came to the testing moment on the far turn, Spectacular Bid ran off from Flying Paster and away from the field, winning the 105th Run for the Roses by 2½ lengths over General Assembly. His right foreleg cut, Flying Paster finished fifth, ten lengths back.

Spectacular Bid's victory in the first event of the Triple Crown, earning \$228,650 for Owner Harry Meyerhoff, a Baltimore developer, was all the more convincing because of the rocky way he was handled during the preparation for the Derby. Trainer Grover ("Bud") Delp had boasted that Spectacular Bid was "better than Man o' War," and then asked the big, gun-metal gray colt to prove it. The Thoroughbred was whipped hard in almost every race, no matter how far ahead he was. He won every time, yet his very success raised a serious question: Had he been forced to peak prematurely?

But the race was even a bigger test for his unproven jockey, 19-year-old Ronnie Franklin. He came to Churchill



Two winners of the roses: the big gray colt and Jockey Ronnie Franklin
Vindication at last for a 19-year-old boy who did a man's work.

Downs a vulnerable boy. He rode past the finish line a triumphant young man, his fist stabbed aloft in celebration.

There was just cause for Franklin's exultation. Only three months past his apprenticeship, he was a risky choice for the most famous stakes race. Although managing to win, Franklin had ridden Spectacular Bid so erratically in the Florida Derby that Delp chewed him out in public. "You idiot!" Delp screamed. "You nearly killed that horse!"

After a week of anguished waiting, Owner Meyerhoff announced that Franklin would retain his mount on Spectacular Bid. Said Meyerhoff: "The horse always runs very well for Ronnie. They have an affinity for each other."

So it seemed on Derby day. Franklin broke the colt cleanly from the gate, then held him under firm control through the clubhouse turn. In the backstretch, he

took Spectacular Bid to the outside, avoiding the tight traffic near the rail. When Flying Paster moved up inside on the far turn, Franklin held his ground. Spectacular Bid looked Flying Paster right in the eye and then went to work. As they swung into the home stretch, Franklin and Spectacular Bid were free and clear. "I talked to him and tweaked him," said Franklin later, "and he moved right up. I said, 'Let's go, Big Daddy.'"

Spectacular Bid now goes to Maryland's Pimlico Race Course for the Preakness on May 19. He took the first two races of his career there, as it happens, and the bandbox track with the tight turns was also a training ground for Ronnie Franklin. It should be quite a homecoming for a pair of winners—a horse with enormous potential and a 19-year-old boy who proved at Churchill Downs that he could ride. ■

Milestones

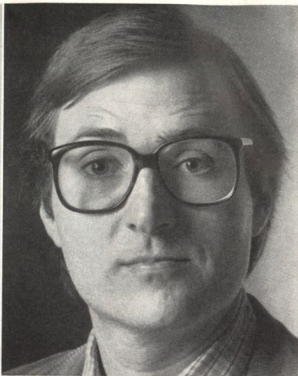
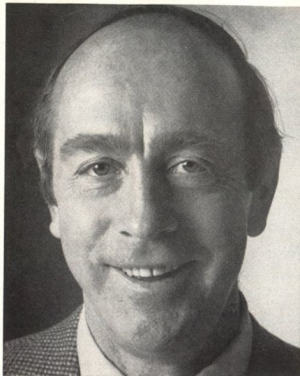
DIED. Fred Coe, 64, director and producer of Broadway and television dramas, including more than 500 live productions for NBC's *Playhouse* (1948-53); of a heart attack; in Los Angeles. After studying for two years at the Yale Drama School and working in radio and theater, Coe landed his first TV job in 1945 and within a year was producing, directing and writing his own shows, aspiring, he said, "to bring Broadway to America via the television set." For twelve years at NBC and three at CBS, he pursued this goal, creating small-screen renditions of works by Shakespeare, Fitzgerald and Dostoevsky and introducing original dramas by Paddy Chayefsky and the half a dozen other major playwrights Coe discovered. When he died, Coe was working on a two-hour TV version of *The Miracle Worker*, one of his biggest Broadway hits.

DIED. Ezekiel C. ("Took") Gathings, 75, conservative Arkansas Congressman (1939-69); of a heart attack; in West Memphis, Ark. Influential on agricultural committees, Gathings made headlines in 1952 when he did an impromptu hootchy-kootchy before a House committee to illustrate the lewdness of TV. Opposing the Civil Rights Act of 1964, he insisted that "the Negro in the South is a happy person. He understands the members of the white race, and they understand him."

DIED. Giulio Natta, 76, co-winner of the 1963 Nobel Prize in Chemistry; of complications following surgery for a fractured femur; in Bergamo, Italy. In 1954, Natta revolutionized plastics technology by developing a method of catalyzing propylene gas into highly ordered chains of molecules that proved useful

in the manufacture of fabrics, film, auto parts, detergents and countless other products.

DIED. Charles Angoff, 77, novelist, critic, educator and sole editorial associate of H.L. Mencken on the sassy literary monthly *American Mercury*; of cancer; in New York City. In 1925 Russian-born Angoff was chosen by Mencken over 61 applicants to assist him at the newborn *Mercury*. Angoff stayed on for 25 years, becoming, in Mencken's view, "the best managing editor in America." Angoff later published eleven novels about Jewish-American life, as recounted by a fictional alter ego named David Polonsky. In one of them Angoff savages a Menckenesque "literary dictator of America," portraying him as an intellectual fraud and a loudmouthed vulgarian.



One of these men just bought a car that's specially ordered, newly painted, but belongs to someone else.

He got a "really great deal" from "somebody who knew somebody in the business." What the man on the left didn't know was that "the business" was car theft—a \$1.7 billion business—one of the most lucrative and costly crimes in the country today. Lucrative for thieves, costly for the rest of us.

Organized car theft rings have found that stealing automobiles is profitable in several ways. Some people arrange to have their cars stolen to collect on the insurance. Then the car is broken up into valuable parts for re-sale. Other people seek to buy used cars at a lower price than offered on the legitimate market, even though they may know something isn't right with the deal.

As a major group of property and casualty insurance companies, we want to stop this crime. And so should you, because your auto insurance premiums have to go up to pay for these theft claims.

In several states, concerned citizens are working with law enforcement and insurance personnel to check the spread of auto theft. We applaud and support these efforts and urge you to do the same. Working together, we believe we can make a difference and keep automobile insurance affordable.

Here's what we're doing:

- Supporting the National Automobile Theft Bureau, a non-profit organization created by insurance companies to help law enforcement agencies combat auto theft.
- Investigating theft claims more thoroughly.
- Encouraging manufacturers to install improved locking devices.
- Utilizing a system that checks for incorrect or forged vehicle identification numbers.
- Encouraging improvement of state automobile certificate of title laws.
- Informing people what they can do to prevent auto theft.

Here's what you can do:

- Check the title before you buy a used car.
- Support anti-car theft campaigns sponsored by the National Automobile Theft Bureau and by other organizations.
- Take your key and lock your doors. Don't invite trouble.
- Install an anti-theft alarm. You may receive a premium discount.
- Avoid the temptation to make that "really great deal"—you may lose the vehicle and your money.

This message is presented by the American Insurance Association, 85 John Street, New York, N.Y. 10038.

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Religion

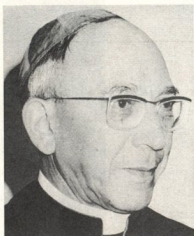
Right-Hand Man

The Pope's new Italian aide

In 1967, shortly before Pope Paul VI made him the Vatican's "Foreign Minister," Archbishop Agostino Casaroli slipped into Poland for a visit. Not long thereafter, to Casaroli's satisfaction, Paul appointed the vigorous and intellectual Archbishop of Cracow, Karol Wojtyla, to the College of Cardinals.

Last week it was Wojtyla's turn. Now Pope John Paul II, he put Casaroli, 64, in line for a red hat by naming him acting Secretary of State. The job, and the hat, will be permanent as soon as the Pope holds his first consistory to create new Cardinals. Since the Secretariat of State functions as a superexecutive within the Vatican Curia, it is the most important appointment John Paul II will make. Casaroli becomes the highest-ranking churchman after the Pope himself.

John Paul mulled over the choice for nearly two months following the death of Secretary of State Jean Villot. It was a foregone conclusion that a Polish Pope with no Vatican experience would have to choose an Italian to help him deal with the



Acting Secretary of State Casaroli

The Architect of Ostpolitik.

predominantly Italian Secretariat of State. John Paul reportedly considered giving the job to Giuseppe Cardinal Siri, 72, the hard-line conservative Archbishop of Genoa, but they could not see eye to eye.

In Casaroli, the Pope has a born diplomat: loyal, highly skilled, and completely committed to the Second Vatican Coun-

cil reforms. Casaroli has been the Vatican's top emissary to Communist regimes ever since Pope John XXIII launched negotiations to help East bloc churches survive. Though the appointment is regarded as John Paul's endorsement of this policy, Casaroli modestly shuns his common designation as the Architect of *Ostpolitik*. The Pope is the architect, he once said. "I am the instrument."

In that cause, Casaroli's travels have been endless, his achievements notable. Since 1963, among other things, he has re-established diplomatic relations with Yugoslavia and rebuilt the shattered hierarchies of Hungary and Czechoslovakia. China is a current concern. With typical Casaroli finesse, the Vatican is maintaining an office on Taiwan, but no nuncio has been appointed—a signal that overtures from Peking are welcome.

The son of a tailor in Piacenza in Northern Italy, Casaroli began studies for the priesthood at 14, and has spent his entire career in the Secretariat of State. Vatican prelates expect his genial, flexible style to balance that of the tough, demanding Pole. Remarks one: "John Paul would tell you to jump out of the window. Casaroli will persuade you to do so after an hour's talk."

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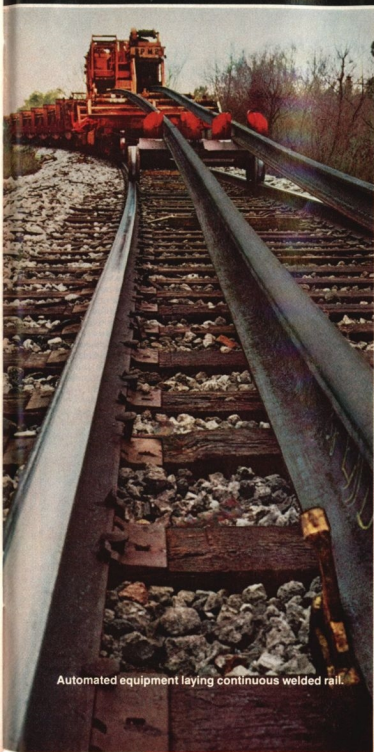
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Myth:

Railroads run on legends and old tracks.



Automated equipment laying continuous welded rail.

Fact:

America's freight railroads spent a record \$10 billion in capital improvements and maintenance in 1978.

The only thing legendary about today's freight railroads is their record investment in track and rolling stock last year. 1979 plans call for increasing even those massive expenditures by about 20%.

In 1978, the railroads put more than 1,300 new and rebuilt locomotives into service and ordered more than 125,000 new freight cars. In addition, more than 4,700 miles of track has been replaced with new rail in each of the last two years—some 58% more than the yearly average in the previous ten years. And new crossties installed averaged more than 27 million in 1977 and 1978—36% above the 1966-1975 average.

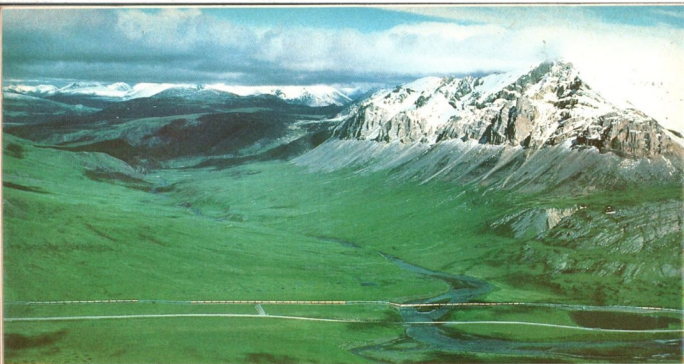
These huge investments help increase efficiency and improve service. Just as important, they help improve safety. Even though rail traffic has increased substantially, total deaths and injuries from rail accidents continue to decline and have reached the lowest levels since record-keeping began in 1891.

Additional investments by railroads and suppliers in continuing research provide other benefits as well—development of better, stronger track and even safer cars for moving vital hazardous materials. Railroads provide 70% of the transportation for the commodities classified as hazardous, excepting only petroleum, but they are involved in less than 9% of the accidents involving hazardous materials.

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Paralleled by the silvery Alaska pipeline, the Haul Road cuts north of the Arctic Circle into the snowcapped Brooks Range

ALASKA PIPELINE SERVICE CO.

Environment

Two Throughways to the Arctic

An untamed wonderland may soon be opened to motorists

As roads go, they are hardly spectacular, merely long gray ribbons of dirt and gravel. But the two highways—one in Alaska, the other in Canada—cannot be judged by initial appearances alone. North America's first throughways to the frozen north, they reach far beyond the Arctic Circle and slice through some of the continent's grandest terrain.

Running alongside the great pipeline, for which it was built, the Alaskan Haul Road stretches 397 miles from Livengood (pop. 25), an old mining town north of Fairbanks, to the bleak oilfields of Prudhoe Bay. Following roughly a parallel course northeastward across similarly unspoiled wilderness, Canada's Dempster Highway extends 465 miles from historic Dawson (pop. 745) in the Yukon to the government-built showcase city of Inuvik (pop. 4,150), close to the Beaufort Sea.

Neither road is open yet to the casual motorist. Lawmakers are still debating the highways' economic and environmental impact. But the Dempster is slated for a formal ribbon-cutting in September, and, with some backstage horse trading, the Haul Road may not be too far behind. Then virtually anyone with a sturdy enough car, a firm hand on the wheel and a taste for the outdoors, arctic-style, can contemplate a splendidly eye-opening joyride to the far north.

Canada's Dempster Highway, named af-

ter a turn-of-the-century Mountie who made a heroic attempt to rescue a stranded patrol, was begun 22 years ago by the Canadian government to spur the economic development of the Yukon and Northwest Territories. The road starts at Dawson, hub of the Klondike's 1890s gold rush, laces through the deep green for-

removal; in spring, it will be a morass of mud. Only in summer and fall will passage be relatively easy without four-wheel drive. Nor does the highway offer much in the way of roadside facilities. The Yukon government has established two maintenance posts at miles 41 and 123, and at mile 231 the privately owned Eagle Plains Hotel stands as a kind of halfway house. Other than two Indian villages, there are no roadside facilities in the Northwest Territories.

To protect fragile permafrost from being rutted by tire tracks, much of the



Caribou crossing the Haul Road on their ageless migration path

ested valleys of the North Klondike and climbs the rugged Ogilvie Mountains, where it peels off into rolling alpine meadows and the tundra beyond. At the 253.7-mile mark, a simple sign announces the 66° 30 min. latitude of the Arctic Circle. Then the road continues into the Northwest Territories, meets the Peel and Mackenzie rivers, and heads deep into the low, flat, piney Mackenzie Delta until at last it reaches Inuvik.

Except under the best of conditions, anyone traveling the \$91 million highway will be roughing it. In winter, the road will be untenable without constant snow

Dempster is built on an elevated roadbed that rises as high as 6 ft. above the terrain. Thus it becomes difficult, as well as illegal, to pull off the highway and pitch a tent for the night, except at the sanctioned sites.

Alaska's Haul Road is not much easier on the traveler. It is also unpaved and elevated to protect the permafrost, and has no tourist facilities at all. But there is one jarring difference. Wherever the roadway goes, the Alaskan oil pipeline faithfully follows, sometimes underground, at other times above the surface on spidery steel supports. Built specifically to convey the

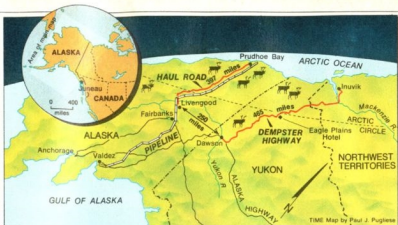
men, machines and material required to lay down the pipeline, the highway was begun in 1969 by Alyeska Pipeline Service Co. Two years later the oil consortium completed the southernmost 57 miles as a public road linking Livengood with the Yukon River. Construction was resumed in 1974, following the pipeline's approval by Congress. Then, working day and night, 3,400 crew members completed the remaining 340 miles of roadbed in only 154 days.

The result of that labor rolls north from the Yukon through dark green spruce and birch forest, past Alyeska's abandoned Prospect Camp, near the Jim Salmon, one of the state's most bountiful salmon streams. The road travels on up through the majestic Brooks Range into the tundra, fords the vast arctic plains, or North Slope, and finally ends at Prudhoe Bay.

Under their pact with Alaska, the oil companies got exclusive use of the road until Oct. 15, 1978, when it was turned over to the state, presumably for public access. For the second consecutive year, though, the Alaska legislature balked at passing the required bill. The 20-to-19 vote was somewhat of a surprise, given the eagerness of many Alaskans to open their rich, scenic northland to tourism and development. But many officials, including Governor Jay Hammond, are arguing that a road with completely unrestricted public access may cost far more to maintain (as much as \$7 million annually) than the revenue it will generate.

However Alaskans settle the issue, both their road and its Canadian counterpart have raised understandable concern over the fate of arctic wildlife. The pipeline experience was not reassuring. Well-meaning workers, for example, left so many handouts for wolves and other creatures that they may have endangered the animals' capacity to fend for themselves. Bears, of course, needed no invitation to a feast. They simply helped themselves to any carelessly stowed garbage. Sometimes they became such a nuisance—and danger—that they had to be dragged and hauled away or simply shot.

Poaching is another concern. Though hunting and fishing are forbidden with-



in a five-mile corridor on either side of the Haul Road, illegal shooting has sharply increased since the pipeline's construction. Similarly, while the Yukon has imposed a ban along a corridor of its portion of the Dempster Highway, no such regulations have been drafted by the neighboring Northwest Territories. Warns one Canadian official: "We will have a slaughterhouse-alley situation."

Other environmental effects may be more subtle. One involves the numerous arctic streams that pass under both roads via culverts. These can speed up or slow down the water and disturb the salmon battling upstream each spring to spawn. Indeed, biologists say that there has already been a drop-off in the number of fish in streams intersecting the Haul Road. Gravel and dust can be another problem. Tossed onto the permafrost by car wheels, they cause the snow to melt early in the spring. Waterfowl then nest prematurely in these moist spots and lose their young to frost.

The greatest fears center on the herds of caribou, whose annual migrations across the arctic wastes began long before the first Siberians touched North America. Biologist David R. Klein of the Alaska Cooperative Wildlife Research Unit has already spotted trouble in a herd of some 6,000 caribou that has traditionally ranged north to south from the Arctic Ocean to the foothills of the Brooks Range. Since the coming of the pipeline, says Klein, cows with calves have shown

a marked reluctance to pass under the raised stretches of the conduit and to cross the road itself. Migratory patterns also seem to have changed, and the herd may dwindle. In Canada, the size of a herd of more than 100,000 caribou may be reduced because of the Dempster Highway. Says Director Gordon Hartman of the Yukon game department: "We simply don't have enough information, and until we do, the road should not be open to unlimited travel."

Arguing that such environmental fears are exaggerated, pro-roads see bonanzas at the ends of both highways. Despite the caution of Alaska state officials, the Fairbanks Chamber of Commerce believes that the Haul Road could be bustling with so much traffic by 1985 that it will steer an extra \$15 million a year into their city. The Dempster's boosters see one certain payoff. No longer will residents of Inuvik and the outlying Mackenzie Delta, where oil exploration is now being expanded, need to import most of their food, fuel, clothing, machinery and other supplies by expensive airfreight.

Yet to some observers it all seems risky. One is former Inuvik Mayor Jim Robertson, who predicts a flood of tourists. Says he plaintively: "We'll be the biggest used-car lot in the world. Every fool in an air-conditioned Cadillac will want to drive here, and one way will be enough. They won't go back over that road. They'll dump their cars here and fly home." ■



Sobering, if slightly exaggerated, welcome to Canada's Dempster



The Canadian road winds north through Yukon wilderness

RCA



RCA President and Chief Executive Edgar H. Griffiths addresses stockholders at their annual meeting last Tuesday in Manhattan

TED THAI

Television

Struggling to Leave the Cellar

Mired behind its rival networks, NBC seeks a winning formula

The NBC brass reside under tight security on the sixth floor of the RCA Building in Manhattan. To one side are the offices of the chairman and the president, an area referred to by nervous underlings as "the court of the Borgias." The senior executive offices are on the other side, along a stark corridor lined with a tan carpet. With its plain white office doors and antiseptic ambience, a visitor observed last week, the place has the look of a hospital. "No," replied an NBC ex-

ecutive. "It is more like an insane asylum."

Paranoia has been running at a high level in the executive suite for months, and last week's events were hardly likely to reduce it. The final Nielsen ratings for the regular 1978-79 television season gave NBC its worst average in more than a decade. Johnny Carson, the brightest star in the insomniac firmament, was keeping network nabobs awake at night wondering whether he would indeed quit the To-

night Show before his contract runs out in April 1981. An embezzlement scandal was boiling, affiliate stations were restless and gossip was rampant. Parent Company RCA laid it all on the bottom line at its annual meeting last Tuesday. Referring to "the very low ratings of NBC programs over the past month to month and a half," RCA President and Chief Executive Edgar H. Griffiths reversed a more optimistic earlier estimate and declared: "Profit for NBC will be substantially below that of the prior year."

As RCA's most visible subsidiary, NBC does much to shape the public's perception of the \$6.6 billion conglomerate (electronics, vehicle renting, communications, food processing, records). So far, de-



Fred Silverman and Johnny Carson



ALAN GRANT



NBC Chairman Jane Cahill Pfeiffer

spite NBC's long stay in the ratings cellar, the stockholders have shown restraint, probably because in the TV business even last-place networks do very nicely. Although pretax profits dropped 20% last year, NBC still earned \$122.1 million.

But demands for higher earnings will undoubtedly grow during the fall season unless ratings are on the upswing. By then, Fred Silverman, 41, NBC's \$1 million-a-year president, will have had ample opportunity to work his programming magic, if he has any left. For Silverman, who made his reputation at CBS and ABC, the task is formidable. Past NBC programmers failed to foresee the impact that the post-World War II baby boom would have on the industry. When the network belatedly went after the youth market in 1974, it managed to alienate a goodly portion of its once loyal older audience. Subsequent programming regimes sacrificed long-term ratings stability to score quick fixes with movies, mini-series, and other expensive (\$1 million vs. \$500,000 for a series episode) specials.

NBC had been a prodigious profit cow for RCA in recent years, regularly furnishing about one-quarter of pretax earnings and in 1975 supplying 31%. But the milk was growing watery. By the end of 1978, NBC's pretax profit contribution dropped to 17.6%, less than two other RCA divisions. So Griffiths—"Bottom Line Ed," as he is known at RCA—went out and hired "the man with the golden gut," Fred Silverman.

Last June, Silverman hit NBC like a springtime twister in Oklahoma. He reshuffled his programming executives, added 30 people to his West Coast creative staff and commissioned 45 new pilots and films. It was too late to overhaul the 1978 opening fall lineup, but at mid-season Silverman peremptorily canceled all nine new shows scheduled by his predecessors.

The results were catastrophic. For the first three months of 1978, NBC had an average weekly rating of 18.1; during the same period this year the ratings averaged 16.8, and in the last week of April they plunged even lower, to 14.3, a disastrous 4.9 points behind ABC and 4.6 in back of CBS. NBC ended with a season average of 17, down 1 point from 1977-78 and 4 points behind first-place ABC. Since each point translates into \$30 million in pretax profits over a year's time, this means that NBC stands to gross \$120 million less than ABC this year. CBS finished with a rating of 18.7, which would put it some \$50 million ahead of NBC.

As if to bless its fall schedule, NBC will soon revive its famed peacock, replaced in 1976 by an "N" logo. Also returning this fall are five old stand-bys (*Little House on the Prairie*, *CHiPs*, *Quin-*

cy, *The Rockford Files* and *The Wonderful World of Disney*) and five shows inserted at midseason (*Diff'rent Strokes*, *B.J. and the Bear*, *Mrs. Columbo*, *Real People* and *Hello, Larry*). Significantly, no sitcoms were among the six new shows announced by NBC: *The Misadventures of Sheriff Lobo*, a comedy-adventure starring Claude Akins as a sheriff with a touch of larceny; *From Here to Eternity: The War Years*, from last year's mini-series with William Devane; *Buck Rogers in the 25th Century*, another attempt to crack the prime-time jinx against sci-fi shows; *Shirley*, a family comedy-drama about a mother facing single parenthood; *The Force*, a spin-off from last year's mini-series *To Kill a Cop*; and *A Man Called Sloane*, about a globetrotting secret agent.

Outside the network, the new schedule was greeted with puzzlement or disdain. "An abortion," declared one West Coast production executive. "Everybody is disappointed." Said Joel Segal, senior vice president at Ted Bates, a New York advertising firm: "Clearly they are willing to settle for less than strong numbers with a known quantity rather than gamble on an unknown."

In late-night programming, the network was buoyed Wednesday night when Johnny Carson told a cheering studio audience that he would remain beyond Oct. 1—his threatened retirement date—and possibly into 1980. "I feel I owe it to the show and to NBC," he said, and NBC seems prepared to pay whatever it takes to keep him. His contract already brings him at least \$2.5 million annually. He's worth it: his ad-packed, low-overhead show accounts for nearly 10% of the network's pretax profits. After 17 years, Carson had said he "found it impossible to keep my energy level and do the kind of quality work I want to do." He denied

any differences with Silverman, but he was reportedly piqued by pressure to increase his *Tonight* appearances, now about three a week.

The good news on Carson was balanced off by a continued slump in the news division. *Weekend* magazine, critically praised but sparsely watched, was scrapped. ABC's *Good Morning, America* continues to gain ground on the *Today* show, which once ate the competition for breakfast. Worse still, two weeks ago, the *Nightly News* briefly fell into third place in the ratings for the first time ever. The network partly attributed the drop to ABC's rejuvenated news operation. It also admitted that affiliate switches had hurt: in the past two years, NBC has lost ten major local stations to ABC, affecting the ratings for both news and entertainment shows. Nonetheless, there were some hopeful signs: the news budget is up 23% over last year, and Tom Snyder (host of the new magazine *Prime Time*) and Phil Donahue (with frequent appearances on *Today*) should bring ratings punch.

As if the network did not have enough to fret about, NBC has been trying since November to clear up a scandal that had been winked at for years, according to some NBC insiders. Under investigation are expense-account fraud and the embezzlement of hundreds of thousands of dollars by some NBC unit managers, who handle logistics for news, sports, and entertainment crews on location. So far 18 of the 55 unit managers, including their autocratic supervisor, Vice President Stephen Weston, have lost their jobs, and one has pleaded guilty to criminal charges.

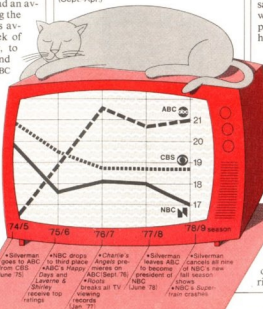
A fair-sized army of company brass, auditors, accountants, lawyers and Government investigators are still sifting through records of the past five years. Each manager has been grilled individually. To safeguard possible evidence, investigators had Weston's office sealed by a carpenter. When they ordered typewriter samples from all the unit managers' typewriters, one manager's machine disappeared after a mysterious 2 a.m. fire in his office.

The unit managers, who carried greenbacks by the briefcase to pay bills for travel, lodging, food and miscellaneous production costs, were not content with garden variety expense-account gamesmanship. They padded payrolls, cashed in unused airline tickets and accepted kickbacks from caterers, hotel managers and equipment salesmen. "Organized dishonesty," Griffiths told stockholders.

One of the first jobs undertaken by Jane Cahill Pfeiffer when she arrived last fall as NBC's new chairman, Silverman's second in command, was to get to the bottom of the scandal. The former IBM vice president has also stepped on toes trying to straighten out the network's tangled management structure. Said one executive: "She has a Mother Superior complex." Chipped in another: "I un-

THE BIG PLUNGE

Prime-time ratings, season averages (Sept.-Apr.)



Television

derstand that at IBM they don't fire people, they just reorganize in such a way as to drive someone out. That is exactly what is going on here."

At least one high executive has been fired, others have been transferred to RCA, and more have left on their own steam, usually after their responsibilities were tapered. "When you have a company with as many difficulties as we have had, you have to adjust functions," said Pfeiffer blandly. "Sometimes able people have to paint on smaller canvases." She added: "There will not be a lot of firing in the next several months. But there will be additional key changes."

Pfeiffer answers to Silverman, but it is widely assumed that she has a clear line to RCA Chairman Griffiths. Her main areas of concentration are government relations, legal affairs and employee relations, and she has also been what Silverman calls a "third eye," or a disinterested critic, in prime-time programming. Naturally enough, Silverman has devoted almost all his attention to programming. Says an NBC executive: "Fred is like an eager little boy with a highly de-

veloped feeling and sense of how to fix programs, and he couldn't care less about all this monkey business about corporate skill and management."

Perhaps because they are so different, rumors are rife that Jane appalls Fred and Fred appalls Jane. But insiders say the relationship is perfectly correct and functional so far. Says one: "There is no needling or irritation between them. If there were, I'd see it." In a recent interview with TIME's Mary Cronin and Laurence I. Barrett, the NBC executives occasionally finished each other's sentences, like a cozy married couple. Still, in an atmosphere of crisis, the notion persists that one must eventually knife the other.

Griffiths unequivocally denied that he had lost confidence in his top tandem, and told stockholders: "They need your support." Says Silverman: "I don't feel even an unstated deadline." Some industry watchers think that Silverman will have through 1980 to turn things around. But others are not so sure. "I'll take the odds and say he won't be there after the fall," a former NBC vice pres-

ident told TIME's James Willwerth in Los Angeles.

Silverman is already showing the strain. He has been working and living at a furious pace, and tales of his temper tantrums are common on both coasts. Says a sympathetic West Coast television consultant: "He's like the guy in the porno movie who has to deliver all the time. That's damn near impossible."

But all he really needs this fall is one runaway hit, a *Charlie's Angels* or a *Mork and Mindy*. With a smasheroo to help pull up other shows, and with the Moscow Olympics to build on in 1980, NBC could be right back in the thick of things in 18 months. ABC did it in 1976, and its pretax profits' vault would make even "Bottom Line Ed" proud: from \$17 million in 1975 to \$110 million in 1977.

But if Silverman's magic finally fails him, the mourning in television land will be decidedly restrained. "This is the most unforgiving medium in the history of Western man," says another former NBC vice president. "It makes its own heroes, and then if they don't keep delivering, it murders them."

NBC's Mrs. Clean

She is known variously as "the Ayatollah," "St. Jane" and "Attila the Nun," a reference to the six months she once spent in a Berkeley, Calif., convent. As those sour nicknames show, the rise of Jane Cahill Pfeiffer, 46, chairman of NBC, has produced a predictable mix of envy, admiration, fear and resentment, laced with a dollop of old-fashioned male chauvinism.

Not that anyone doubts Pfeiffer's ability to hold her own in the rough-and-tumble of network politics. She is not just attractive and intelligent. Thomas J. Watson Jr., her boss and mentor at IBM, calls her "brilliant and practical." A West Coast producer, less admiringly, terms her "conservative, moralistic, businesslike and hard." A liberal arts major at the University of Maryland, the Washington, D.C.-born Pfeiffer joined IBM soon after leaving the convent at the age of 23. In her two decades there, she rose from a trainee job to a vice presidency, with a reputation for quick decisions and no false moves.

On leave from IBM, she became a White House Fellow, worked for Housing and Urban Development Secretary Robert Weaver, and began to collect powerful friends in Washington. Pfeiffer left IBM in 1976, after marrying fellow V.P. Ralph Pfeiffer Jr., the divorced father of ten children. She turned down several job offers, including one from President Carter, who wanted to make her Secretary of Commerce. Her reasons: she needed time to recuperate from a thyroid cancer operation, and she was reluctant to spend so much time away from her husband. Pfeiffer then worked as a top-drawer consultant to several major companies, including NBC. Last fall, in a surprise move, she became the \$225,000-a-year (plus up to \$200,000 a year in bonuses) chairman of NBC, responsible to the network's new president, Fred Silverman.

As an administrator, Pfeiffer is reluctant to delegate authority. Her style runs more to mastering all the minutiae herself and plunging into an array of meetings to keep on top of the corporate scene. Instead of long memos, she scratches out terse notes to staffers on file cards, many of them dashed off during her commute from Greenwich, Conn., in her chauffeur-driven \$46,000 gray Cadillac.

Much of the current gallows humor at NBC eddies around the relationship of Silverman and Pfeiffer, a.k.a. "the Odd Couple" and "Mr. Tough and Mrs. Clean." By most standards, the two top executives are indeed mismatched.

Silverman is rumbled and raffish, a volatile high roller, known for his seat-of-the-pants decisions on programming. Pfeiffer is formal and controlled, a superb administrator, known for her idealism and belief in "high programming standards." Where Silverman's language is direct and often unprintable, Pfeiffer's fluctuates between girls' school ("Oh gosh, gee whiz") and "high IBM" ("I am on a steep learning curve").

One of Pfeiffer's problems could be her idealism. According to a friend, "She always believed in making a better world. Corruption is totally alien to Jane, and she wants to clean it up right away. She's a nun." Says another source: "I have the feeling that she thinks television is a dirty business, period, and she has to save us from ourselves by cleaning house." Another

opinion is that her IBM training will be of limited use at NBC. Says a former executive at a TV production company: "Jane Pfeiffer is a virgin who comes out of the structured school. I'm not sure the structured school works in the entertainment business."

So far the critics do not seem to have ruffled Pfeiffer. "The pressure doesn't get to me," she insists. Somewhat defensively, she also says of her role in handling the unit managers' scandal, "I'm not the avenging angel. I'm not Joan of Arc." Her edgy employees would probably accept those statements. Trouble is, they are not quite sure yet just who she is.



Jane Cahill Pfeiffer

5 MILES A DAY KEEPS THE DOCTOR AWAY.

Mavis Lindgren had been subject to colds all her life. At two she had whooping cough, at 13 tuberculosis, and until middle age she was afflicted by chest colds that turned into pneumonia three times.

Then, at age 62, with her doctor's blessing, Mavis started running because she thought it would help her.

Obviously, it has. Now 71, Mavis says, "After I started running I never had another cold. I've been sick once in nine years. I had a real bad flu. I had it for three hours."

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But controlling health care costs without sacrificing quality is a tough problem. One we all have to work on together.

That's why Blue Cross and Blue Shield Plans are actively promoting exercise, fitness and other health programs. Naturally, we'd like you to use common sense, see your doctor and don't overdo it at first.

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A fan of pianos execute some grandiose Gottschalk at Carnegie Hall

Music

Monster Rally

Pianists celebrate Gottschalk

America's first world-class musician, Louis Moreau Gottschalk, built a precocious career on three isms: romanticism, pianism and gigantism. He had the dazzling keyboard technique of his European contemporaries, Liszt and Chopin, and a languid, aristocratic sexuality as well. Women vied for the white gloves he tossed aside before sitting down to play—and often for other favors afterward. His recitals, heavily laced with showpieces of his own composing, catered unabashedly to the florid, sentimental taste of the day. On occasion he disdained using one piano where ten or 14 would do. During the years before his death at 40 in Rio de Janeiro, he took to staging what he called "monster" festivals, sometimes jamming hundreds of players and singers on to the same platform for a bash of Berliozian proportions.

To mark the 150th anniversary of the composer's birth last week, what could be more fitting than for Pianist and Gottschalk Fancier Eugene List to take over Carnegie Hall for a "monster concert" in the master's manner? 40 PIANISTS! 400 FINGERS! 880 PIANO KEYS! said the posters. Actually, there were 41 pianists, all current or former students of List's in his more staid guise as a teacher (first at the University of Rochester's Eastman School of Music, now at New York University). Following a sort of platoon system, the performers came and went at the keyboards of ten grand pianos, which were arranged in a Busby Berkeley-style fan between two potted palms.

Less is more, said Mies van der Rohe.

Oddly, at this concert, more was less. Pieces like Gottschalk's *The Siege of Saragossa*, a "grand symphony" for ten pianos, or his arrangement of Rossini's *William Tell* overture for 20 players at ten pianos may have rung the rafters, but their massive sonorities tended to be mushy. The effect, especially when the scoring ranged into the silvery upper octaves favored by Gottschalk, was like a giant hurdy-gurdy.

Far more pleasing were the duet arrangements of such exotic morsels as *Le Bananier* and *Orfa*. These performances, cleanly accented and subtly colored, gave a glimpse of Gottschalk's true originality as a composer. At his best, he adapted the Creole and plantation tunes of his native New Orleans, mixed them with the sinuous rhythms of Latin America, and produced piano works as fresh and in-souciant as their titles were evocative: *The Banjo*, *Bamboula*, *Souvenir de Porto Rico*. On the strength of them, he stands as the precursor to the great line of American nationalists from Charles Ives to Aaron Copland. More's the pity, then, that when last week's program ran long, List modestly cut his sequence of three Gottschalk solo pieces.

Listeners who went to the monster concert with purely musical expectations may have found it too much of a not good enough thing. But perhaps they missed the point. The evening, with its interlude of vocal selections and its entr'acte speech by Gottschalk Scholar Robert Offergeld, was intended as a nostalgic entertainment, a good-humored throwback to a more innocent age when the concert hall had to mediate between the salon and the circus. If Gottschalk's significance did not always come through clearly, his flamboyant spirit certainly did.

—Christopher Porterfield

Medicine

A Big Mistuck

And \$854,000 in damages

When the nurse removed the bandages from her stomach, Virginia O'Hare, 42, could scarcely believe her eyes. "The stitches weren't even closed. Blood was oozing, and I saw this hole on the left side of my stomach." As she told a Manhattan court, her belly button had been displaced half an inch to the left, and a thick scar wound across her abdomen from thigh to thigh. Her doctor's promise to give her "a nice flat, sexy belly" with a routine operation called a lippectomy, or tummy tuck, had turned into a nightmare.

Literally coming apart at the seams, as her lawyer put it, O'Hare brought a \$1.5 million suit against her surgeon, Howard Bellin. On the stand, O'Hare testified that the 1974 operation had reduced her from a self-confident, aggressive owner of her own employment agency, earning \$45,000 a year, to a self-conscious, emotional cripple, barely able to make \$18,000. (She has since had corrective surgery by another doctor.) Bellin, whose

flamboyant personal style (a con-
tessa wife, visits to
Manhattan's Studio 54 disco, a personal p.r. man) ir-
ritates some of his
colleagues, admitted
that the operation
was not up to his
usual high standards
but insisted that it was
"cosmetically ac-
ceptable." Instead,
he attacked O'Hare as
perennially dissatisfied,
schizoid and a
cosmetic surgery
junkie. She has
had nine nose jobs, an eyelid lift, a face-
lift and hair transplant, said Bellin, who
had performed two of those operations,
as well as eyelid surgery for her boyfriend.

Last week, after eight days of weighing the evidence—including photos—the jury of four men and two women took only four hours to ease the scarred O'Hare's pain. For this suffering, plus loss of income and earning power, plus medical expenses, it awarded her precisely \$854,219.61, a stunning amount that headline writers could not resist calling variously NAVEL VICTORY, BATTLE OF MIDWAY, and BELLY LAUGH. Hours later, patient and doctor ran into each other at Manhattan's "21" Club; she was there to celebrate, he to ponder an appeal and "the absurdity of it all."



O'Hare after verdict

Medicine

Improved Odds

A prenatal test for hemophilia

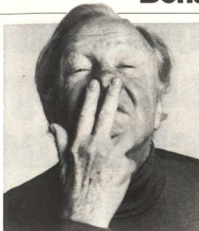
Hemophilia, the bleeder's disease, evokes images of royal princes who suffered from this genetic malady, and of the Russian monk Rasputin, who gained influence over Nicholas and Alexandra by convincing them that he could control their son's bleeding. Such aristocratic associations have tended to obscure the grim fact that hemophilia strikes ordinary mortals as well. It imposes enormous physical, emotional and financial burdens on both sufferer and family.

The rare, inherited blood disorder affects males primarily, and afflicts some 25,000 Americans. Because most hemophiliacs lack a blood-clotting substance known as factor VIII, they may bleed uncontrollably after slight injuries or from such ordinary events as losing baby teeth. Frequently there is bleeding into joints, leading sometimes to crippling. Today many hemophiliacs are successfully treated with injections of factor VIII, but that is therapy, not a cure. It is also expensive—\$6,000 to \$26,000 a year. For many couples with a family history of hemophilia, the prospect of raising a child with the disease is more than they can face.

Some families thus choose not to have children at all. Others, hoping that the baby will be a girl, go ahead with a pregnancy. But once they learn through amniocentesis that the fetus is male, they will opt for an abortion. Even though there is a fifty-fifty chance that the boy will not be a hemophiliac, medicine has had no way of telling whether those odds would be in the parents' favor.

Now doctors at Yale, the University of Connecticut and Case Western Reserve report they have devised a prenatal blood test that may avert those heart-rending abortions. Once amniocentesis determines that a woman is carrying a male child, doctors use a technique called fetoscopy to obtain a sample of the baby's blood. They make an incision in the woman's abdomen, then insert a tubular fiber-optic device to locate one of the baby's blood vessels on the placenta. Using a tiny needle, they withdraw a few drops of the baby's blood, which is analyzed by radioimmunoassay techniques for factor VIII. To date, investigators have used the experimental procedure on eight women, all of whom had family histories of severe hemophilia. In four cases the tests showed that the fetus carried almost none of the clotting factor. Abortions were performed; tests later confirmed that the fetuses had severe hemophilia. In the other four cases, because the tests revealed that the fetus was normal, the pregnancies continued, and three of the women have already given birth to healthy boys. ■

Behavior



Wylie demonstrates gesture for "it's easy"

Does Your Body Parle Français?

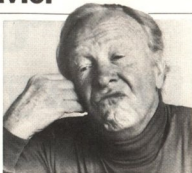
An American's beaux gestes

Laurence Wylie, 69, may be the only French-language teacher who starts his classes with a hard round of calisthenics. That tactic follows, with precise Gallic logic, from his basic premise: *le français*, in fact all language, is spoken mostly with the body. Says Wylie, a retired professor of French civilization at Harvard: "Just learning the rules of grammar and vocabulary isn't really enough."

So each day during the ten-week course, "Communicating with the French," Wylie's students limber up their English-speaking bodies with exercises. Then they scream and yell for a while to loosen their inhibitions. Finally, they study 30-second films of French students in conversation. The Indiana-born parson's son looks a little like that quintessential boulevardier Maurice Chevalier. He grudgingly admits that listening to the dialogue is useful, *assurément*, "but more important is analyzing the movement and the distance between bodies."

One of the first things that students learn is to keep the pelvis straight, as the French do. The French also hold their shoulders square but show greater flexibility with the lower arms, hands and wrists. Americans are stiff-wristed, tend to wiggle and bounce more than Mediterranean peoples. There is also a difference between Old and New Worlds in arm swinging: Americans do it as if they owned the world; Frenchmen walk with their upper arms close to the body, as if moving through very limited space.

In addition to linguistics, history and psychology, Wylie teaches his class dance therapy to help them pick up *le rythme* of French body language. "If you're off rhythm, it interferes with communications," he says. "I think of communication



Flicking the cheek: "how dull"



"Let's split," a signal to leave a party

as a dance between two people. Sounds are often just the music to accompany the communication that takes place." That is why so many American tourists, fresh from Berlitz, get blank stares in France instead of directions: they understand the words but not the music.

Some of those musical riffs can be isolated as gestures, and Wylie teaches them all, many from his 1977 book *Beaux Gestes*. Pointing to the eye means "You can't fool me," and flicking the fingers across the cheek says "How dull," because the words for beard and razor (*barbe, rasoir*) have meant "boring" for more than a century. Pushing the nose upward means "It's so easy I could do it with my fingers up my nose." Drawing the tips of the fingers together and placing them in the palm of the other hand means "He's so lazy hair grows on his palms." The famous Gallic shrug with palms extended says "It doesn't worry me," but if the palms are raised chest high it becomes "What do you expect me to do about it?"

In America, if a man wants to signal his wife that it is time to leave a party, he is likely to tilt his head and roll his eyes in the direction of the door. In France, the signal is sharper: a chopping motion

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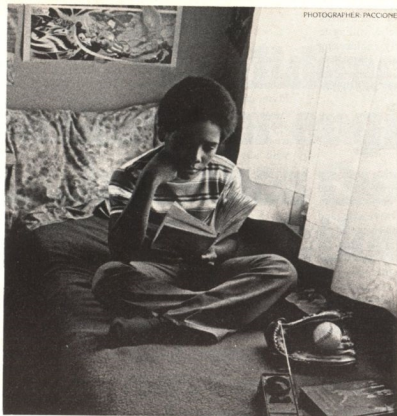
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Behavior

by one hand against the opposite wrist. Cupping the palms upward against the rib cage is a Frenchman's way of indicating that a woman is well endowed. The gesture is sometimes rendered as *Il y a du monde au balcon*, which translates as "There is a crowd in the balcony."

Wylie, who has studied at the Jacques Lecoq School for mimes in Paris, is convinced that most messages get across in elusive ways that defy rational analysis. When two strangers meet and get along well, he says, they may think it has something to do with "chemistry" or "vibes," but actually they are communicating rapidly and deeply on an unconscious level. That is why learning another language is like learning to act. The good language student, he says, "is one who is willing to pretend to be someone else."

Wylie thinks that Americans should try to decode some French body language on their next trip to Paris. Though the French have a reputation for haughtiness toward foreigners, Wylie disagrees: "They want to help you to approach civilization to the extent that that is possible." *Bonne chance.* ■

Black Myths

Airing family quarrels

There is a growing distrust, if not hatred, between black men and black women.

Bitter words? Perhaps. But in the eyes of their author, they are tersely accurate. According to Michele Wallace, 27, a truculently articulate, handsome, Harlem-bred writer, the battle of the sexes in the black community verges on open warfare. Today's black women, she says, have in effect committed "social and intellectual suicide" under the domination of "unintrospective and oppressive" black men.

Wallace takes aim and fires in a recent book titled *Black Macho & the Myth of the Superwoman* (Dial; \$7.95). Tracing the breakdown of black male-female relationships back to the civil rights struggles of the '60s, she writes: "During the summer of 1964 hundreds of middle-class white women went South to work with the Movement and, in a fair number of cases, to have affairs with black men. Some of the women were pressured into it (anything to avoid the label of being racist), others freely chose to do so."

The upshot, concludes Wallace, is that black men bought the racist "black-buck" image of themselves. They became content to mouth slogans ("Black Power") and affect Afro hairdos and guns, and all but abandoned effective political action. "Come 1966," says Wallace in her polemic style, "the black man had two pressing tasks before him: a white woman in every bed and a black woman under every heel." In response, she says, black women became more submissive and, despite the image of some

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Behavior

social scientists of black society as a matriarchy, no longer behaved like the mythic black superwoman.

Since her book's publication in February, Wallace has become something of a heroine to the white feminist movement, which relishes such sardonic Wallace lines as, "Could you imagine Ché Guevara with breasts? Mao with a vagina?" She has appeared on the cover of *Ms.* with Editor Gloria Steinem's endorsement that "she crosses the sex/race barrier to make every reader understand the political and intimate truths of growing up black and female in America." Some blacks have also joined the acclaim. Novelist Ishmael Reed (*Mumbo-Jumbo*, *Free-Lance Pallbearers*), for example, says that Wallace



Wallace in her Greenwich Village apartment

A black woman under every heel?

has brought "cool clarity to a subject about which so much frenetic and feverish nonsense has been written."

But many other black intellectuals do not share that enthusiasm. Some insist she has played into the hands of the white Establishment, which, according to Howard University psychologist Harriette McAdoo, is all too "eager to believe there is a schism between black men and black women." Many regard her account of the great biracial crusade of the 1960s as a historical distortion, and as Sociologist Robert Staples of the University of California at San Francisco insists, "a slur on everything that went on in the movement and everyone who took part." Others acknowledge that there are indeed tensions between black men and women that are exacerbated by a numbers game—there are 1 million more black women than men. But they insist that the real trouble is rooted in lingering hostilities between blacks and whites: the high jobless rate among black men, the curtailment of affirmative-action programs and other manifestations of what many blacks consider a white backlash, all of which affect the black male's sense of self and thus his relationships with women.

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Theater



Bernard Dheran and François Beaulieu (as Alceste) considering a sonnet in *Le Misanthrope*

A Fool for Truth

LE MISANTHROPE

by Molière

"When good Americans die," said Oscar Wilde, "they go to Paris." For anyone who has not planned on the trip, there is the Comédie-Française, a glorious traveling museum that has been presenting French classical drama for 299 years and sees little sense in breaking up a winning combination. A fortnight ago the Comédie opened at the Brooklyn Academy of Music with Molière's *Le Misanthrope* as part of a four-week visit to New York and Washington, D.C.'s Kennedy Center. It will also present Feydeau's *La Puce à l'Oreille* (*A Flea in Her Ear*) and Victor Hugo's *Ruy Blas*.

Judged by *Le Misanthrope*, the engagements should be a success for France's mission civilisatrice. In telling the story of Alceste, a man torn between hatred of the world's deceit and flattery and his own love for a deceitful, flattering widow named Célimène, Molière pressed poetic comedy and satiric wit to the edge of tears. *Le Misanthrope* is his bitersweet masterpiece. In a comedy of manners, Alceste's notion of telling the truth himself on all occasions and correcting the chicanery of the age clearly marks him as a crackpot bound for grief. But as the play proceeds and the caesuras required of French classic verse occasionally become pregnant pauses, Molière manages to give his compulsive critic's obsession a touch of nobility.

When Alceste confronts the thinnest skin in the world, the proud author of a new and elegant sonnet—he eventually pro-

nounces its creation a "hangable" offense—he does not seem unkind. Scolding Célimène incessantly about her other suitors, he conveys not only jealousy, but some idealistic, crazy, husbandly delusion that she can be transformed into the only perfect being in the world.

As Alceste and Célimène, François Beaulieu and Béatrice Agenin project modern, realistic feeling at the expense of classical eloquence. During his tirades against mankind, Beaulieu runs through the Alexandrines and casts caesuras to the winds. But he builds sympathy by the low-key, unstylized way he plays the love scenes. Agenin, too, is better at intimacy than poetic elegance. She is a wonder, though, at dispensing *petits fours* and nasty court gossip to a fine pair of dandies whose wigs make them resemble Bert Lahr playing the Cowardly Lion. When she leans back and says lovingly to poor, scoldy Alceste, "How boring you are!" while deliciously wriggling her toes, the night belongs to France. Molière and the audience are best served by Comédie Vétérain Michel Duchaussoy as Alceste's best friend, Philinte. He speaks his verse, perfectly balancing form against feeling, never missing a beat.

Thirsty to hear French but a bit rusty, audiences tend to turn up at the theater sensibly bearing the original text or Richard Wilbur's fine translation. To help with the language barrier, the Comédie offers headsets and simultaneous translations into serviceable though clubfooted English prose. The effect is a bit like watching a movie under water. Anyone who possibly can should read the play in French beforehand, then sit back and let the long lines roll down the centuries and over him.

—Timothy Foote

Late Bloomers

TALLEY'S FOLLY

by Lanford Wilson

The flavor of this play is Tennessee Williams in a mildewed tea bag. The setting is a dilapidated gingerbread boat-house in Lebanon, Mo. The time is 1944 or, more pertinently, the limbo of time wasted. The heroine, Sally (Trish Hawkins), is 31, and a Wasp whose real creed is to suppress emotion in gentility, a twin sister to Alma Winemiller of *Summer and Smoke*. The hero, Matt (Judd Hirsch), is a Jewish accountant from St. Louis, a bachelor of 42 and one of life's perennial Gentleman Callers.

This is his second call. He had fallen in love with Sally the summer before. Now he has come back to woo and win her. Sally is skittish. She has felt woefully unworthy ever since a local merchant prince jilted her because a childhood illness rendered her infertile.

Matt has the haunted, agile, mocking temperament of a man whose family was bloodied by the dogs of Hitler's Europe. To him, a child is too dear a hostage to give to fortune. After 94 elongated minutes, these deep dark secrets are out, and *amor vincit omnia*.

Wilson is a writer with a quirky gift of humor and a romantic bent for a lyrical line, but this entire one-act seems to be happening in the past tense. Sally and Matt are an appealing duo, but a two-character play without imminent Pinteresque menace is a good facsimile of claustrophobia.

—T.E. Kalem



Hirsch and Hawkins in *Talley's Folly*

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